

DARWIN, E. 23298 (7)

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Erasmus Darwin.

M.D. & F.R.S.

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SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
ERASMUS DARWIN, M. D. F. R. S.

Sweet is the joy when science flings
Her light on philosophic thought;
When genius, with keen ardour, springs
To clasp the lovely truth he sought.
Sweet is the joy when rapture's fire
Flows from the spirit of the lyre;
When *liberty* and *virtue* roll,
Spring tides of fancy o'er the poet's soul,
That waft his flying bark thro' seas above the pole.



HAYLEY.

AT the close of the eighteenth century, it is to be expected that science should have to boast of her triumphs in unfolding the wonders of creation. The thick gloom which overspread the middle ages is nearly dissipated—the empire of ignorance and superstition has been shaken to its foundations—and we are now rejoicing in the diffusion of that light which is, at some future period, to enliven and bless all the nations of the earth! With such views and prospects before us, we sit down with no small pleasure to record the history of scientific men, by whose instrumentality the melioration of our species is to be accomplished.

Among the luminaries of science the name of DARWIN must be particularly mentioned, and his merits will be, by every intelligent mind, instantly recognised.

Dr. ERASMUS DARWIN is a native of Newark on Trent, or of a district in that vicinity. After passing through the usual stages of school learning, he went to the university of Cambridge. Here he distinguished himself for his application and persevering industry; nor are we quite sure whether he did not, even at this early period, manifest a predilection for poetry.

Designed for the profession of medicine, he, at the close of his studies, settled at Lichfield, and continued there for a long series of years. During this period he occasionally employed his pen on medical subjects, and sent several pieces to the Philosophical Transactions. These dissertations attracted no particular notice, yet upon inspection they prove to be the produce of a mind possessing superior ability. It was not, indeed, till the year 1789, that Dr. Darwin drew the attention of the literary world, when, by the publication of his *Botanic Garden*, he secured universal admiration. The sexual system in botany, which had been so ably displayed by Linnæus, the Swedish naturalist, is here illustrated in all the charms of original poetry. *The loves of the plants* are delineated with all the playfulness of a rich and luxuriant fancy. It opens upon you in the following beautiful manner:

Botanic muse! who, in his later age,
 Led by your airy hand the Swedish sage,
 Bade his keen eye your secret haunts explore
 On dewy dell, high wood, and winding shore;
 Say on each leaf how tiny graces dwell,
 How laugh the pleasures in a blossom's bell!
 How insect loves arise on cobweb wings,
 Aim their light shafts and point their little stings!

A second part of this curious work appeared in 1791,

entitled the *Economy of Vegetation*, where a most astonishing survey is taken of almost every part of creation. Nature and art are ransacked for topics, by which the reader is at once both instructed and delighted.

The *steam engine*, the most capital invention of modern times, is delineated with great eloquence; and foretelling the still more extensive uses of *steam* in the arts, he breaks out in this animated apostrophe:

Soon shall thy arm, UNCONQUER'D STEAM! afar
 Drag the slow barge or drive the rapid car;
 Or on wide waving wings expanded bear
 Thy flying chariot through the fields of air.
 Fair crews, triumphant leaning from above,
 Shall wave their fluttering 'kerchiefs as they move;
 Or warrior-bands alarm the gaping crowd,
 And armies shrink beneath the shadowy cloud.
 So mighty Hercules, o'er many a clime,
 Wav'd his huge mace in virtue's cause sublime;
 Unmeasur'd strength, with early art combin'd,
 Aw'd, serv'd, protected, and amaz'd mankind!

The *Botanic Garden* is the most scientific and poetic production that ever came from the pen of any human being. Few authors of celebrity can boast of higher compliments than the author of this work. It is indeed a storehouse of information, decorated by a noble and sublime species of poetic inspiration!

Nor does Dr. DARWIN merely confine himself to scientific discussions, he touches on other subjects with an equal degree of energy and beauty. The infernal slave-trade he reprobates; the agonies of its victims he commiserates, and boldly calls on the British legislature for their liberation.

Hark! heard ye not that piercing cry,
 Which shook the waves and rent the sky!
 E'en now, e'en now, on yonder western shores,
 Weeps pale despair, and writhing anguish roars;

E'en now in Afric's groves, with hideous yell,
 Fierce SLAVERY stalks and slips the dogs of hell;
 From vale to vale the gathering cries rebound,
 And sable nations tremble at the sound!

YE BANDS OF SENATORS! whose suffrage sways
 Britannia's realms, whom either Ind obeys;
 Who right the injur'd and reward the brave,
 Stretch your strong arm, for ye have pow'r to save.
 Thron'd in the vaulted heart, his dread resort,
 Inexorable *conscience* holds his court;

With still small voice the plots of guilt alarms,
 Bares his mask'd brow, his lifted hand disarms;
 But wrapp'd in night, with terrors all his own,
 He speaks in thunder when the deed is done.

HEAR *him*, ye senates! hear this truth sublime,
 HE WHO ALLOWS OPPRESSION—SHARES THE CRIME!
 No radiant pearl which crested fortune wears,
 No gem that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears;
 Not the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn,
 Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,
 Shine with such lustre—as the TEAR that breaks,
 For *other's woe* down VIRTUE's manly cheeks!

The *philanthropy* of the *immortal* HOWARD is celebrated in strains worthy of the grandeur of the theme—the paragraph has been universally admired, and must be here transcribed:

When erst contagion with mephitic breath,
 And wither'd famine, urg'd the work of death,
 Marseilles' good bishop, London's gen'rous mayor,
 With food and faith, with medicine and with pray'r,
 Rais'd the weak head, and stay'd the parting sigh,
 Or with new life relum'd the swimming eye.
 And now PHILANTHROPY! thy rays divine
 Dart round the globe from Zembla to the line,
 O'er each dark prison plays the cheering light,
 Like northern lustres o'er the vault of night.
 From realm to realm, with cross or crescent crown'd,
 Where'er mankind and misery are found;

O'er burning sands, deep waves, or wilds of snow,
 Thy HOWARD, journeying, seeks the house of woe;
 Down many a winding step to dungeons dank,
 Where anguish wails aloud and fetters clank,
 To caves bestrew'd with many a mouldering bone,
 And cells whose echoes only learn to groan;
 Where no kind bars a whispering friend disclose,
 No sun beam enters, and no zephyr blows,
 He treads, inemulous of fame or wealth,
 Profuse of toil and prodigal of health;
 With soft assuasive eloquence expands
 Power's rigid heart, and opes his clenching hands;
 Leads stern-ey'd justice to the dark domains,
 If not to sever, to relax the chains;
 Or guides awaken'd mercy thro' the gloom,
 And shows the prison sister to the tomb!
 Gives to her babes the self devoted wife,
 To her fond husband liberty and life!
 The spirits of the good, who bend from high,
 Wide o'er these earthly scenes their partial eye,
 When first array'd in virtue's purest robe
 They saw her HOWARD traversing the globe;
 Saw round his brows her sun-like glory blaze,
 In arrowy circles of unwearied rays,
 Mistook a mortal for an angel-guest,
 And ask'd what seraph-foot the earth imprest!
 Onward HE moves! Disease and death retire,
 And murmuring demons hate him and admire!

The beauty of these two extracts on the SLAVE TRADE and on PHILANTHROPY, must be felt by every reader of taste and discernment. The ideas and expressions are peculiar happy—they accord with each other, and impress the soul with a redoubled energy.

In 1794 Dr. DARWIN brought out a great medical work, under the title of *Zoonomia*, or the *Laws of Organic Life*, which has been extolled for the depth of its research and the profundity of its sentiments. Of this publication an eminent medical character remarks,

that "It bids fair to do for physic what the *Principia* of Sir Isaac Newton has done for natural philosophy."

The last production of this wonderful man is a quarto volume on the *Philosophy of Agriculture*—a work which will not injure the fame he has already secured to himself in the literary world.

Dr. DARWIN has resided at Derby for some time past, and his practice as a physician is great through every part of the surrounding country. He has a large family, and lives in great respectability. In his person he is large and rather unwieldy: but his manners are polite, and he is affable in his conversation; he has, however, an impediment in his speech, and his whole appearance is not unlike to the late celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson. We should have mentioned that Dr. DARWIN published a pamphlet on *Female Education*, with reference to a boarding school at Ashborne in Derbyshire. We were pleased with most of his observations, being founded in justice and propriety.

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. XLII.]

EXPOSTULATION.

BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

TRUTH alone—where'er my life be cast,
 In scenes of plenty or the pining waste,
 Shall be my chosen theme—my glory to the last!

COWPER.

MR. COWPER was not only a poet but a patriot; his strains, therefore, are often devoted to the interests of his country. The present piece is of this complexion, and possesses many beauties, from which it is impossible to withhold our admiration. The passages we shall transcribe will unfold the nature of the subject. It may not, however, be improper just to ob-

serve, that the vices of Britain are here feelingly pointed out and severely reprobated. A contrast is made between England and the land of Judea, which was for ages the favourite of heaven. He takes the opportunity of shewing that on account of peculiar degeneracy the greatest favours may be taken away, and the heaviest judgments poured out on devoted nations. This awful truth the poet has illustrated with uncommon ability.

The *two* first paragraphs are, in his best manner, powerfully impressive—

Why weeps the muse for England? What appears
 In England's case to move the muse to tears?
 From side to side of her delightful isle,
 Is she not cloth'd with a perpetual smile?
 Can nature add a charm, or art confer
 A new-found luxury, not seen in her?
 Where under heav'n is pleasure more pursued?
 Or where does cold reflection less intrude?
 Her fields a rich expanse of wavy corn,
 Pour'd out from plenty's overflowing horn;
 Ambrosial gardens, in which art supplies
 The fervour and the force of Indian skies;
 Her peaceful shores, where busy commerce waits
 To pour his golden tide through all her gates;
 Whom fiery suns, that scorch the russet spice
 Of eastern groves, and oceans floor'd with ice,
 Forbid in vain to push his daring way
 To darker climes, or climes of brighter day;
 Whom the winds waft where'er the billows roll,
 From the world's girdle to the frozen pole;
 The chariots, bounding in her wheel-worn streets;
 Her vaults below, where ev'ry vintage meets;
 Her theatres, her revels, and her sports;
 The scenes to which not youth alone resorts,
 But age, in spite of weakness and of pain,
 Still haunts, in hope to dream of youth again;
 All speak her happy: let the muse look round
 From east to west, no sorrow can be found;

Or only what, in cottages confin'd
 Sighs unregarded to the passing wind,
 Then wherefore weep for England? What appears
 In England's case to move the muse to tears?
 The prophet wept for Israel; wish'd his eyes
 Were fountains fed with infinite supplies:
 For Israel dealt in robbery and wrong;
 There were the scorner's and the sland'rer's tongue;
 Oaths, us'd as playthings or convenient tools,
 As int'rest bias'd knaves, or fashion fools;
 Adult'ry neighing at his neighbour's door;
 Oppression, labouring hard to grind the poor;
 The partial balance, and deceitful weight;
 The treach'rous smile, a mask for secret hate;
 Hypocrisy, formality in pray'r,
 And the dull service of the lip, were there.
 Her women, insolent and self-caress'd,
 By vanity's unwearied finger dress'd,
 Forgot the blush that virgin fears impart
 To modest cheeks, and borrow'd one from art;
 Were just such trifles, without worth or use,
 As silly pride and idleness produce;
 Curl'd, scented, furbelow'd and flounc'd around,
 With feet too delicate to touch the ground,
 They stretch'd the neck, and roll'd the wanton eye,
 And sigh'd for ev'ry fool that flutter'd by.

The history of the Jews is then affectingly delineated, and a direct application made to the condition of Britain:

Stand now, and judge thyself,—Hast thou incurr'd
 His anger, who can waste thee with a word,
 Who poises and proportions sea and land,
 Weighing them in the hollow of his hand,
 And in whose awful sight all nations seem
 As grasshoppers, as dust, a drop, a dream?
 Hast thou (a sacrilege his soul abhors)
 Claim'd all the glory of thy prosp'rous wars?
 Proud of thy fleets and armies, stol'n the gem
 Of his just praise, to lavish it on them?

Hast thou not learn'd, what thou art often told,
A truth still sacred, and believ'd of old,
That no success attends on spears and swords
Unblest, and that the battle is the Lord's ?
That courage is his creature, and dismay
The post that at his bidding speeds away,
Ghastly in feature, and his stamm'ring tongue
With doleful humour and sad presage hung,
To quell the valour of the stoutest heart,
And teach the combatant a woman's part ?
That he bids thousands fly when none pursue,
Saves as he will, by many or by few,
And claims for ever, as his royal right,
Th' event and sure decision of the fight ?

Hast thou, though suckled at fair freedom's breast,
Exported slav'ry to the conquer'd east,
Pull'd down the tyrants India serv'd with dread,
And rais'd thyself a greater in their stead ?
Gone thither arm'd and hungry, return'd full,
Fed from the richest veins of the Mogul,
A despot big with pow'r obtain'd by wealth,
And that obtain'd by rapine and by stealth ?
With Asiatic vices stor'd thy mind,
But left their virtues and thine own behind ;
And, having truck'd thy soul, brought home the fee,
To tempt the poor to sell himself to thee ?

Hast thou by statute mov'd from its design
The Saviour's feast, his own blest bread and wine,
And made the symbols of atoning grace,
An office-key, a pick-lock to a place,
That infidels may make their title good
By an oath dipp'd in sacramental blood ?
A blot that will be still a blot, in spite
Of all that grave apologists may write ;
And, though a bishop toil to cleanse the stain,
He wipes and scours the silver cup in vain,
And hast thou sworn, on ev'ry slight pretence,
Till perjuries are common as bad pence,
While thousands, careless of the damning sin,
Kiss the book's outside who ne'er look within ?

Hast thou, when heav'n has cloth'd thee with disgrace,
 And, long provok'd, repaid thee to thy face,
 (For thou hast known eclipses, and endur'd
 Dimness and anguish, all thy beams obscur'd,
 When sin has shed dishonour on thy brow;
 And never of a sabler hue than now)
 Hast thou, with heart perverse and conscience sear'd,
 Despising all rebuke, still persever'd,
 And, having chosen evil, scorn'd the voice
 That cried, repent!—and gloried in thy choice?
 Thy fastings, when calamity at last
 Suggests th' expedient of a yearly fast,
 What mean they? Canst thou dream there is a pow'r
 In lighter diet, at a later hour,
 To charm to sleep the threat'ning of the skies,
 And hide past folly from all-seeing eyes?
 The fast that wins deliv'rance, and suspends
 The stroke that a vindictive God intends,
 Is to renounce hypocrisy; to draw
 Thy life upon the pattern of the law;
 To war with pleasure, idoliz'd before;
 To vanquish lust, and wear its yoke no more.
 All fasting else, whate'er be the pretence,
 Is wooing mercy by renew'd offence.

Hast thou within thee sin, that in old time
 Brought fire from heav'n, the sex-abusing crime,
 Whose horrid perpetration stamps disgrace
 Baboons are free from upon human race?
 Think on the fruitful and well-water'd spot
 That fed the flocks and herds of wealthy Lot,
 Where paradise seem'd still vouchsaf'd on earth,
 Burning and scorch'd into perpetual dearth,
 Or, in his words who damn'd the base desire,
 Suffering the vengeance of eternal fire:
 Then nature, injur'd, scandaliz'd, defil'd,
 Unveil'd her blushing cheek, look'd on, and smil'd;
 Beheld with joy the lovely scene defac'd,
 And prais'd the wrath that laid her beauties waste.

Far be the thought from any verse of mine,
 And farther still the form'd and fix'd design,

To thrust the charge of deeds that I detest
Against an innocent unconscious breast :
The man that dares traduce, because he can
With safety to himself, is not a man :
An individual is a sacred mark,
Not to be pierc'd in play, or in the dark ;
But public censure speaks a public foe,
Unless a zeal for virtue guide the blow.

The history of Britain is then sketched in a very pleasing manner :

Now, borne upon the wings of truth sublime,
Review thy dim original and prime.
This island, spot of unreclaim'd rude earth,
The cradle that receiv'd thee at thy birth,
Was rock'd by many a rough Norwegian blast,
And Danish howlings scar'd thee as they pass'd,
For thou wast born amid the din of arms,
And suck'd a breast that panted with alarms.
While yet thou wast a grov'ling, puling chit,
Thy bones not fashion'd, and thy joints not knit,
The Roman taught thy stubborn knee to bow,
Though twice a Cæsar could not bend thee now :
His victory was that of orient light,
When the sun's shafts disperse the gloom of night.
Thy language at this distant moment shows
How much the country to the conqu'ror owes ;
Expressive, energetic, and refin'd,
It sparkles with the gems he left behind :
He brought thy land a blessing when he came ;
He found thee savage, and he left thee tame ;
Taught thee to clothe thy pink'd and painted hide,
And grace thy figure with a soldier's pride ;
He sow'd the seeds of order where he went,
Improv'd thee far beyond his own intent,
And, while he rul'd thee by the sword alone,
Made thee at last a warrior like his own.
Religion, if in heav'nly truths attir'd,
Needs only to be seen to be admir'd ;

But thine, as dark as witch'ries of the night,
 Was form'd to harden hearts and shock the sight.
 Thy Druids struck the well-hung harps they bore
 With fingers deeply dy'd in human gore;
 And, while the victim slowly bled to death,
 Upon the rolling chords rung out his dying breath.

Who brought the lamp, that with awaking beams
 Dispell'd thy gloom, and broke away thy dreams,
 Tradition, now decrepid and worn out,
 Babblers of ancient fables, leaves a doubt :

But still light reach'd thee ; and those gods of thine,
 Woden and Thor, each tott'ring in his shrine,
 Fell, broken, and defac'd, at their own door,
 As Dagon in Philistia long before.

But Rome, with sorceries and magic wand,
 Soon rais'd a cloud that darken'd ev'ry land ;
 And thine was smother'd in the stench and fog
 Of Tiber's marshes and the papal bog.

Then priests, with bulls and briefs, and shaven crowns,
 And gripping fists, and unrelenting frowns,
 Legates and delegates, with pow'rs from hell,
 Though heavenly in pretension, fleec'd thee well ;
 And to this hour, to keep it fresh in mind,
 Some twigs of that old scourge are left behind *.

Thy soldiery, the pope's well manag'd pack,
 Were train'd beneath his lash, and knew the smack,
 And, when he laid them on the scent of blood,
 Would hunt a Saracen through fire and flood.

Lavish of life, to win an empty tomb,
 That prov'd a mint of wealth, a mine to Rome,
 They left their bones beneath unfriendly skies,
 His worthless absolution all the prize !

Thou wast the veriest slave, in days of yore,
 That ever dragg'd a chain, or tugg'd an oar.

Thy monarchs, arbitrary, fierce, unjust,
 Themselves the slaves of bigotry or lust,
 Disdain'd thy counsels ; only in distress
 Found thee a goodly sponge for pow'r to press.

* Which may be found at Doctors' Commons.

Thy chiefs, the lords of many a petty fee,
 Provok'd and harass'd, in return plagu'd thee ;
 Call'd thee away from peaceable employ,
 Domestic happiness and rural joy,
 To waste thy life in arms, or lay it down
 In causeless feuds and bick'rings of their own.
 Thy parliaments ador'd, on bended knees,
 The sov'reignty they were conven'd to please ;
 Whate'er was ask'd, too timid to resist,
 Comply'd with, and were graciously dismiss'd ;
 And, if some Spartan soul a doubt express'd,
 And, blushing at the tameness of the rest,
 Dar'd to suppose the subject had a choice,
 He was a traitor by the gen'ral voice.
 Oh, slave ! with pow'rs thou didst not dare exert,
 Verse cannot stoop so low as thy desert ;
 It shakes the sides of splenetic disdain,
 Thou self-entitled ruler of the main,
 To trace thee to the date when yon fair sea,
 That clips thy shores, had no such charms for thee ;
 When other nations flew from coast to coast,
 And thou hadst neither fleet nor flag to boast.
 Kneel now, and lay thy forehead in the dust ;
 Blush, if thou canst ; not petrified, thou must ;
 Act but an honest and a faithful part ;
 Compare what then thou wast with what thou art ;
 And, God's disposing providence confess'd,
 Obduracy itself must yield the rest.—
 Then thou art bound to serve him, and to prove,
 Hour after hour, thy gratitude and love.

The conclusion of the whole is particularly serious, and impressive ; it shews an able head and a still better heart :

Say not (and, if the thought of such defence
 Should spring within thy bosom, drive it thence)
 What nation amongst all my foes is free
 From crimes as base as any charg'd on me ?
 Their measure fill'd, they too shall pay the debt
 Which God, though long forborne, will not forget.

But know that wrath divine, when most severe,
 Makes justice still the guide of his career,
 And will not punish, in one mingled crowd,
 Them without light, and thee without a cloud.

Muse, hang this harp upon yon aged beech,
 Still murm'ring with the solemn truths I teach;
 And, while at intervals, a cold blast sings
 Through the dry leaves, and pants upon the strings,
 My soul shall sigh in secret, and lament
 A nation scourg'd, yet tardy to repent.
 I know the warning song is sung in vain;
 That few will hear, and fewer heed the strain;
 But, if a sweeter voice, and one design'd
 A blessing to my country and mankind,
 Reclaim the wand'ring thousands, and bring home
 A flock, so scatter'd and so wont to roam,
 Then place it *once* again between my knees;
 The sound of truth will then be sure to please:
 And truth alone, where'er my life be cast,
 In scenes of plenty or the pining waste,
 Shall be my chosen theme, my glory to the last!

The seriousness of the EXPOSTULATION may be unpleasing to the gay part of our readers. But let them recollect that the theme involves the welfare and prosperity of our country. This consideration should silence every complaint, and even conciliate attention to any thing that can be offered on so interesting a subject. The mind of COWPER was awakened to the evils resulting from vice, and therefore justly alarmed on account of the judgments which might await us. Sacred and profane history proclaim the fate of guilty nations, and hold forth lessons of the most terrific kind to posterity. Wise are the people who profit by such examples; for to use the words of the wisest of men—
RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION!

GOSSIPIANA.

[No. XLIV.]

POLITENESS.

AS the Rights of Men begin to be better understood, words may perhaps have some fixed and precise meaning, which from the excess of politeness with which modern language is sprinkled, they have nearly lost. He must have been a most impudent hypocrite who first wrote *I am, Sir, your most humble, most obedient, and entirely devoted servant!*

ANECDOTE.

The philosopher Bias being in a vessel with a set of criminals, who during a storm, invoked the assistance of the gods, desired them to be silent, *that the gods might not know there were such people on board!*

ACCURACY.

A town in the neighbourhood of Weymouth is said to have printed the following hand-bill:

“Whereas his Majesty the King and Queen is expected to honour this ancient corporation with their presents in the course of their tower; in order to prevent them from meeting no impediment in his journey, the worshipful the mayor and bailiffs have thought proper that the following regulations shall be prohibited as follows:

“Nobody must not leave no durt, nor nothing in that shape before their doors nor shops, and all wheel-barrows, cabbadge stalks, and other wheel-carriages must be swept out of the streets.

“Any one who shall fail offending in any of these articles, shall be dealt with according to law, without bail or mainprize,

GOD SAVE THE KING.”

THE FEMALE SEX.

“ Ah ! how little acquainted are they with the laws of nature,” says the celebrated St. Pierre, “ who, in the opinion of the two sexes, look for nothing further than the pleasures of sense ! They are only culling the flowers of life, without once tasting its fruit. The fair sex ! that is the phrase of our men of pleasure, women are known to them under no other idea. But the sex is fair only to persons who have no other faculty except that of eyesight : besides this, it is to those who have a heart ; the creative sex, which, at the peril of life, carries man for nine months in the womb ; and the cherishing sex, which suckles him, and cherishes him in infancy. It is the pious sex, which conducts him to the altar while he is yet a child, and teaches him to draw in, with the milk of the breast, the love of religion, which the cruel policy of men would frequently render odious to him. It is the pacific sex, which sheds not the blood of a fellow-creature ; the sympathizing sex, which ministers to the sick, and handles without hurting them !”

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE THE SECOND.

One of the finest instances of the sublime, we ever heard of, is not, as we imagine, any where recorded :—George the Second was at Drury-lane theatre, when the Culloden dispatches were presented to him, from the duke of Cumberland, his darling son. All before was anxiety and apprehension.—The instant his majesty had opened them, he started up, while the tears streamed from his eyes, and, in some glorious ejaculation, thanked his God, and announced the victory. Garrick, in a moment, caught the transporting sound. The orchestra by his orders struck up “ God save great George our king !” and the whole audience in a wild enthusiasm joined the chorus. Who would not rather have been George the Second for that one moment, than Louis XV. during his whole length of empire ?

CONSUMPTION.

Consumption hence! approach not those I love,
 For thou canst play upon the heart's best feelings
 A sad variety of hopes and fears.
 Thy flatt'ring hand paints the poor victim's cheek
 With roses, stol'n from health's most beauteous stores,
 And gives such lustre to the *sinking* eye,
 As love and rapture's warm emotions yield :
 Thou, while the victim bends beneath thy power,
 With the fair promise of returning health
 Veil'st the expecting grave from anxious love,
 As the sly angler hides the fatal hook
 By glitt'ring baits from his unwary prey.
 Thou bid'st the friend watch o'er thy varying hues,
 As the poor school boy, whose long-promis'd pleasure
 A threat'ning cloud seems ready to destroy,
 Watches each little transient gleam of sun-shine,
 And, in idea, sees returning brightness
 Beaming from *partial* into *general* splendour!
 Thou rais'st up the soul of fond anxiety,
 E'en to the highest pinnacle of hope,
 To cast it down to sorrow's deepest cave.
 Death, unexpected, steals upon security,
 And on thy victim lays his iron hand,
 Smiling amidst the beauty thou hast made.
 Ye, who have watch'd beside a fading friend,
 Unconscious that the blush, each feature boasted,
 Bloom'd like the *night-shade* with *unwholesome* beauty ;
 Ye, who have wept, then smil'd amidst your tears,
 And chid fore-bodings which ill-founded seem'd ;
 Ye, that have felt all this, and THEN been call'd
 To pay the LAST SAD TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION,
 Bear witness to the justice of the picture !

EMMA.

ANECDOTE.

A captain who knew the world, was playing at piquet with a sharper, and saw him shuffling and placing the cards very adroitly. The captain immediately did the same, but openly, and very deliberately; which the

sharper telling him of, he replied, he did so, because he thought it was the sharper's common mode of playing, to which he had no objection; but if he preferred the fair game so be it, he was agreeable to either.

A Summer Morning. Described in the Manner of Thomson.

The morning shines, the charming summer light
 So sweet resounding with the fervent hum
 Of insects, gilds the cheerful earth around,
 That smiles so lovely to the ravished eye.
 Smooth glide the streams along the flowery vales,
 In silver dimples; soft the turtle moans
 His murmuring tale of love. Th' enchanted throng
 Pour forth a waste of melody; the bee
 In grateful fervour roves the sunny plains,—
 The liquid blooms, where nature's colours drop
 In rich profusion, and exhales their sweets.
 Gay thro' the flowers the gilded insect flies,
 And, oh! sweet nature in this charming dress,
 Exults,—and shows new beauties to the morn.
 How fair yon hedge of blossom'd apples blows,
 Fuming fresh fragrance, and distilling drops
 Of unctuous balm! How sweet yon gilded bank
 Of tangling roses, full-diffused around,
 Breathes to the ravished morning! Ah! how wild
 Yon white emblossom'd youthful forest spreads
 Its dewy bosom to the burnished beams,
 Whence so much music flows; where hawthorn reigns,
 And MAIA revels with unnumber'd charms.

A. C.

LOVE AND CONSTANCY. AN ANECDOTE.

A Neapolitan being at work in a field bordering on the sea-shore, his wife, who was at some distance from him, was seized by the Corsairs of Tunis, and carried on board their vessel.

The Neapolitan threw himself into the sea, swam to the ship, and intreated the captain to take him in.

The good man well knew he would be sold as a slave, and the consequent misery and hardship he should undergo; but love for the object who had hitherto shared in his labours, and enjoyed with him the fruits of his industry, predominated over all other sensations. While the Turks were astonished at his temerity, he continued supplicating to be taken on board; he told them, that the woman they had taken from the field was his wife: "we have," continued he, "long shared happiness, and we can bear misery together, grant us only the consolation of being sold to the same master, is all I ask; deny me that, and one grave will, I trust, soon contain us."

The Turks admiring the man's affection, on their return, told it to the king of Tunis, who, being pleased with this singular instance of conjugal fidelity, not only gave them their liberty, but each a place in the palace.

*An Elegiac Epitaph inscribed upon a Tomb-stone in
Dover Church Yard.*

"Him shall never come again to we,

"But us shall surely come one day to he."

ANECDOTE.

As Cardinal Fleury grew old, one of his friends said to him, "You are advancing in years, you cannot expect to live long; the king does not apply to business; in case of your death, what will become of the kingdom?" "This has already occurred to me," said the Cardinal, "and mark the consequence. I very earnestly pressed the king to accustom himself to business, and apply to state affairs. I represented the consequences to which a weak monarch, incapable of holding the reins of government, exposed himself. I reminded him of the history of indolent kings, and even told him, that his being dethroned by some usurper, and confined to a corner of his own kingdom with a pension, was a possible event.

Some days after, the king said to me,—I have reflected on your remonstrances; but pray tell me, if I should be dethroned, what pension do you think I shall be allowed?"

A remarkable Instance of religious Courtship between a young Gentleman and Lady, upon the first Sight of each other at Church.

Gent. And now I beseech thee, Lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another. 2 Ep. John, ver. 5.

Lady. Then she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him, Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldest take knowledge of me, seeing *I am* a stranger? Ruth ii. 10.

Gent. Having many things to write unto you, I would not *write* with paper and ink, but I trust to come unto you, and speak face to face, that our joy may be full. 2 Epist. John, ver. 12.

N. B. Upon the above interview, the marriage took place the week following.

WHAT IS TRUE HONOUR?

But ere you once engage in honour's cause
First know what honour is——

SIR SAM. GARTH.

THERE is scarce a more prevailing, nor when properly managed, a more reasonable passion in human nature, than the desire of living well in the esteem of our neighbours and acquaintance; the relish and even being of social enjoyments entirely depend upon it, for as Mr. Locke very justly observes, "a man must be made up of irreconcilable contradictions, who can take

pleasure in company, and yet be sensible of contempt and disgrace from his companions. And it is observable, that this principle operates more or less strongly, in proportion to the opinion we entertain of their agreeableness and worth, and the frequency or importance of the occasions we have to converse with them; and as esteem both in ourselves and others is always founded upon an apprehension of something valuable in the object of it, it hence becomes mutually and absolutely necessary to save the appearance at least of something virtuous and praiseworthy. The unhappiness is, that we are too apt by an habit of loose and superficial thinking, and some other concurrent causes, to be deceived by others, and what is worse, even to impose upon ourselves by appearances only. Indeed, were we not dependent and accountable as well as social creatures, appearances artfully maintained might do well enough, but as the contrary is undeniably our case, and as we are thereby indispensibly obliged to approve ourselves to God and our own consciences, as well as to men, it hence becomes infinitely necessary, that in all matters of moral consideration, we be careful to distinguish the *false* from the *true*. A few months since, we considered (or endeavoured to consider) the true nature of politeness, and we have now a subject pretty much allied to it (though I think, very proper to be distinctly discussed) *the true nature of honour*.

Politeness, though it is impossible to be true, that is, to have a grain of intrinsic worth in it, without honour, yet when abstractly considered, is not so much honour itself, as the *dress* of it: honour, therefore, without politeness, is (if you will allow me the expression) *virtue in the rough*; politeness, or rather the shell and resemblance of it, without honour, is *vice in masquerade*; and though both united seem to constitute the most *amiable* character, yet not always, perhaps, the most *useful*. For as the fine gentleman who, in appearance, is affable, generous, and in all respects obliging, when

actuated by base and vile motives is the most likely to spread ruin and mischief around him, so is the man of severe and rigid virtue the most likely to prevent it. For as it is usual with such to be quick in resentment, and to take fire upon the least appearance of ill design, they are no less resolute and blunt in opposing it, and if possible crush it in its infancy; whereas the polite man, though at the same time a man of honour, generosity, and integrity of heart is apt sometimes too long to hope the best, and too easily to attribute that to a virtue which bears any likeness or assimilation to it; he is therefore for applying lenitives even in a crisis, and though he means well, lets an opportunity slip through his fingers, of saving himself or his country from destruction, which may never more present itself.

I know not where this can be more properly exemplified than in the persons of *Cato* and *Cæsar*, the former a man of strict and inflexible honour, the latter a man of no honour, but in the superficial sense above-mentioned completely polite. *Catiline* was at the head of a formidable and desperate attempt to ruin the state, and to plunder and massacre its members. Matters were now ripe for execution, and conspirators detected in a design to fire the city, and assassinate *Cicero* and others, who were the ornaments and defence of it; and when it was debated in the senate, how these miscreants should be disposed of, *Cæsar* (who was shrewdly suspected to have a hand in the project) makes a plausible speech for sparing their lives, and under the colourable pretences of mildness and clemency, many of less reach but more honesty were drawn over to his opinion. *Cato* warmly and vigorously opposed him, roused these too easy members to activity, and paying no regard to the character of the criminals as gentlemen, advised their immediate execution and carried his point, and this in conjunction with others was a principal mean of disconcerting the measures of the enemy and saving the state. I mention this (though

somewhat of a digression) to shew the importance of true honour to give a real value to the most specious and shining qualities, and at the same time to demonstrate, that if any thing is to be dispensed with, it is this polishing furniture, which appears, I think, in the clearest light imaginable, by considering that a man of true immovable honour, though in many instances in the world's esteem very unpolite, may be not only an useful, but in a time of imminent danger, the most necessary and seasonable character: whereas the most popular accomplishments without it, can only fit a man to be a more effectual and extensive plague and scourge to society.

To the subject now more directly. Honour is such a nice, delicate, and commanding sense of what is just, generous, decent, and laudable, as stands in little or no need of the terrors of authority to constrain a man to act in conformity thereto; and consequently, he strictly adheres to the measures which such principles prescribe, in cases to which it is impossible the sanctions of human laws should ever be applied. He is true to a just promise, though no one living is a legal witness to his making it, and disdains to break through an obligation of natural justice or gratitude, merely because he can do it with impunity. A noble principle no doubt! There seems to be but one motive of an higher nature, and that is the supreme reverence and love of that all-perfect Being, who is the Author and Lord of Nature, and consequently of those several relations which result from the constitution of it; next to that, is the principle we are now upon, which does so much honour to humanity, and sets it in so amiable a light, that it is no wonder there are many pretenders to it.—But to prevent deceiving ourselves by any groundless opinions, or popular claims, I shall endeavour distinctly to point out the nature of true honour, in two particulars, which I apprehend to be essential to it. And in the first place, we must take our measures of honour, if we would have it

true, not from custom and the maxims of the world, but from reason and truth.

I will not pretend that the world is ever so far lost to a sense of good and evil as to be wholly in the wrong; bad as things are, or perhaps ever have been, there are some things of good report, which really deserve estimation; but on the other hand, neither is it so perfect, as that we may venture to argue from *custom* to *right*, or to fetch our notions of honour from gaming-tables, play-wrights, or inventors of romance. They are generally much too loose and incorrect to be depended on, and I doubt, little better than a confusion of right and wrong, darkness and light, and of course, that honour must be maimed partial and proportionably false, which conforms and suits itself to such a contrariety and mixture of sentiments. It is at best but an imperfect mimicry of honour, and those who boast and applaud themselves in it are in *virtue*, much what some others, boasters, are in *physic*, who imitate *nostrums* that are really worth nothing, merely because ignorant people are fond of them.

Let a man for instance be ever so exact in the discharge of what he calls debts of honour, (a whimsical sort of obligations, which have their foundation in the want or redundancy of a spot or two upon a die or a piece of paste-board) and at the same time look upon debts of credit for what he cannot do without as beneath a gentleman's concern or regard, and shall he yet call himself a man of honour? He may, perhaps; but common sense, if he would consult it, would certainly inform him, that his notions of honour are as absurd as his conduct is unjust and dishonest. Such shameful extravagance as this can be owing to nothing but the most inexcusable want of thought in setting up the prevailing follies and arbitrary fancies of the company a man keeps, as the standard of right and wrong: a principle to which it would be paying too great a compliment to attempt to confute.

Secondly, we must not only take our measures of honour from reason and truth, but the principles thus derived must have a consistent and uniform influence.

We are told that Cæsar, whom I before mentioned, had frequently in his mouth this iniquitous maxim.

*Nam si violandum est jus, regnandi gratia
Violandum est; aliis rebus pietatem colas.*

To break the rule of right, if needs you must,
Ambition be your aim; in other things be just.

And the evidence of history that his behaviour was of a piece with this, was the reason of my p̄sūming to say, that this flattered hero had no honour. For what true honour can a man have, be his notions of it never so just, that will not suffer them to influence his conduct any further than his own convenience or bent of inclination will allow! Let a man behave himself with all the justice and generosity in the world in his commercial concerns, let him discharge all his credits, be liberal to his servants, humané to his tenants, charitable to the poor, and what else you please; yet, if after all, he can make no scruple to violate his neighbour's bed, if he can lay snares for unsuspecting innocence, and cruelly triumph in his conquests, those very conquests which he won by perfidious vows and promises of marriage, why does he call himself a man of honour, and deny that title to the avaricious miser, the unjust extortioner, or the fraudulent trader, who is yet in these instances, perhaps, strictly temperate. Is it not plain that an habitual corruption and depravity of heart, or the want of honour, is common to both, and only breaks out into different channels; the one is governed by the lust of pleasure, the other by the love of money, but neither the one nor the other, by a true principle of honour, justice, or consistent humanity.

Thus I think it evidently appears, that true honour is a consistent and uniform principle, prompting and directing those who are governed by it to a just, gene-

rous, and noble behaviour, agreeable to the dictates of reason, truth, and universal virtue, and that such a principle and such a conduct can only constitute the MAN OF HONOUR!

Portsmouth.

J. S.

CHARACTER OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

THE long life of General Washington is not stained by a single blot. He was indeed a man of such rare endowments and such fortunate temperament, that every action he performed was equally exempted from the charge of vice or of weakness. Whatever he said, or did, or wrote, was stamped with a striking and peculiar propriety. His qualities were so happily blended and so nicely harmonized, that the result was a great and perfect whole. The powers of his mind, and the dispositions of his heart, were admirably suited to each other. It was the union of the most consummate prudence with the most perfect moderation. His views, though large and liberal, were never extravagant; his virtues, though comprehensive and beneficent, were discriminating, judicious, and practical.

Yet his character, though regular and uniform, possessed none of the littleness which may sometimes belong to these descriptions of men. It formed a majestic pile, the effect of which was not impaired but improved by order and symmetry. There was nothing in it to dazzle by wildness and surprise by eccentricity. It was of a higher species of moral beauty. It contained every thing great and elevated, but it had no false and tinsel ornaments. It was not the model cried up by fashion and circumstance: its excellence was adapted to the true and just moral taste, incapable of change from the varying accidents of manners, of opinions, and times. *General Washington* is not the idol of a day—but the hero of ages!

Placed in circumstances of the most trying difficulty at the commencement of the American contest, he accepted that situation which was pre-eminent in danger and responsibility. His perseverance overcame every obstacle—his moderation conciliated every opposition—his genius supplied every resource—his enlarged view could plan, revise, and improve every branch of civil and military operation. He had the superior courage which can act or forbear to act, as true policy dictates—careless of the reproaches of ignorance, either in power or out of power. He knew how to conquer by waiting, in spite of obloquy, for the moment of victory; and he merited true praise by despising undeserved censure. In the most arduous moments of the contest his prudent firmness proved the salvation of the cause which he supported.

His conduct was, on all occasions, guided by the most pure disinterestedness. Far superior to low and groveling motives, he seemed even to be uninfluenced by that ambition which has justly been called the instinct of great souls. He acted ever as if his country's welfare, and that alone, was the moving spring. His excellent mind needed not even the stimulus of ambition or the prospect of fame. Glory was but a secondary consideration. He performed great actions—he persevered in a course of laborious utility, with an equanimity that neither sought distinction, nor was flattered by it. His reward was in the consciousness of his own rectitude, and in the success of his patriotic efforts.

As his elevation to the chief power was the unbiassed choice of his countrymen, his exercise of it was agreeable to the purity of its origin. As he had neither solicited nor usurped dominion; he had neither to contend with the opposition of rivals nor the revenge of enemies. As his authority was undisputed, so it required no jealous precautions—no rigorous severity. His government was mild and gentle—it was benefi-

cent and liberal—it was wise and just. His prudent administration consolidated and enlarged the dominion of an infant republic. In voluntarily resigning the magistracy which he had filled with such distinguished honour, he enjoyed the unequalled satisfaction of leaving to the state he had contributed to establish, the fruits of his wisdom and the example of his virtues.

It is some consolation amidst the violence of ambition and the criminal thirst of power, of which so many instances occur around us, to find a character whom it is honourable to admire and virtuous to imitate. A conqueror for the freedom of his country! a legislator for its security! a magistrate for its happiness! his glories were never sullied by those excesses into which the highest qualities are apt to degenerate. With the greatest virtues he was exempt from the corresponding vices. He was a man in whom the elements were so mixed, that “Nature might have stood up to all the world,” and owned him as her work. His fame, bounded by no country, will be confined to no age. The character of General Washington, which his contemporaries regret and admire, will be transmitted to posterity, and the memory of his virtues, while patriotism and virtue are held sacred among men, will remain undiminished.

Not dissimilar to this sketch was the following panegyric, pronounced on *General Washington*, by the *Honourable Charles James Fox*, so far back as the year 1794, in the British house of commons.

“Illustrious man! deriving honour less from the splendour of his situation than from the dignity of his mind, before whom all borrowed greatness sinks into insignificance. I cannot, indeed, help admiring the wisdom and fortune of this great man; not that by the phrase, *fortune* I mean to derogate from his merit; but notwithstanding his extraordinary talents and exalted integrity, it must be considered as singularly fortunate that he should have experienced a lot which so seldom

falls to the lot of humanity, and have passed through such a variety of scenes without stain and without reproach. It must indeed create astonishment, that placed in circumstances so critical, and filling, for a series of time, a station so conspicuous, his character should never once have been called in question, that he should in no one instance have been accused either of improper insolence or of mean submission in his transactions with foreign nations. It has been reserved for him to run the race of glory without experiencing the smallest interruption to the brilliancy of his career. The breath of censure has not dared to impeach the purity of his conduct, nor the eye of envy to raise its malignant glance to the elevation of his virtues. Such has been the transcendant merit and the unparalleled fate of this illustrious man."

But lest it may be said that he has since forfeited this character in the eye of this eminent statesman, it may be necessary to add, that *Mr. Fox*, only a few months ago, paid him a similar tribute of respect in the house of commons.

MOUNT VERNON.

THE celebrated seat of the late president WASHINGTON is pleasantly situated on the Virginian bank of the Potomack, where it is nearly two miles wide, and is about two hundred and eighty miles from the sea. It is nine miles below Alexandria. The area of the mount is two hundred feet above the surface of the river, and after furnishing a lawn of five acres in front, and about the same in the rear of the buildings, falls rather abruptly on those two quarters. On the north end it subsides gradually into extensive pasture grounds, while, on the south, it slopes more steeply in a shorter distance, and terminates with the coach-house, stables, vineyard, and nurseries. On either wing is a thick grove of different

flowering forest trees. Parallel with them, on the land side, are two spacious gardens, into which we are led by two serpentine gravel walks, planted with weeping willows and shady shrubs. The mansion-house appears venerable and convenient. The superb banquetting room has been finished since he returned home from the army. A lofty portico, ninety feet in length, supported by eight pillars, has a pleasing effect when viewed from the water. The whole assemblage of the green-house, school-house, offices, and servant's halls, when seen from the land side, bears a resemblance to a rural village, especially as the lands on that side are laid out somewhat in the form of English gardens, in meadows and grass grounds, ornamented with little copses, circular clumps, and single trees. A small park on the margin of a river, where the English fallow deer and the American wild deer are seen through the thickets alternately with the vessels as they are sailing along, add a romantic and picturesque appearance to the whole scenery. On the opposite side of a small creek, to the northward, an extensive plain, exhibiting corn fields and cattle grazing, affords, in summer, a luxuriant landscape; while the blended verdure of woodlands and cultivated declivities on the Maryland shore, variegates the prospect in a charming manner. Such are the philosophic shades to which the late commander in chief of the American armies retired from the tumultuous scenes of a busy world.

A Boston paper, entitled the *Columbian Centinel*, and dated December 28, 1799, is encircled with a black border, by way of mourning for the late illustrious president, *George Washington*; and this token of respect was exhibited by almost all the American prints. It is full of accounts respecting the several modes of regret

shewn at *every* place of note through the United States at his decease.

These selections shall close with some beautiful lines, which we found in this very paper on the subject :

From *Vernon's Mount* behold the HERO rise,
 Resplendent forms attend him through the skies !
 The shades of war-worn veterans round him throng,
 And lead enwrapt their honour'd chief along !
 A laurel wreath th' immortal WARREN bears,
 An arch triumphal MERCER's hand prepares :
 Young LAWRENCE erst the avenging bolt of war,
 With port-majestic guides the glittering car ;
 MONTGOMERY's godlike form directs the way,
 And GREEN unfolds the gates of endless day ;
 Whilst angels trumpet tongu'd proclaim thro' air,
 " Due honours for the FIRST OF MEN—prepare."

LORD ROKEBY.

WITH A PREFATORY DISSERTATION ON BEARDS.

[From *Public Characters.*]

THE *human beard*, at present deemed an unseemly excrescence, was considered by all the nations of antiquity as one of the greatest ornaments of the person, and gods as well as mortals were supposed to be decorated with this emblem of wisdom and virility. That of Aaron is described as flowing to his girdle, and the ambassadors of David, after having received the nearly indelible affront of being *shaved*, were advised to remain at a distance from the capital, until their beards had grown to the proper length. In many of the eastern countries this is still considered as a necessary, and even a beautiful appendage ; and while the Turks carefully cover with their turbans the hair that grows on their heads, they preserve, comb, perfume, and ostentatiously display, that which springs from the chin.

The northern nations seem also to have evinced a great veneration for their beards, and it is not yet much above a century since these have fallen into obloquy and disuse even in this country; they are, however, still retained by the *serfs* in Russia and Poland, and by the *boors* in Norway.

In our own island, the upper lips and chins of the northern barons in the train of the conqueror, exhibited a small portion of beard, and the Saxo-Britons, who opposed them, had theirs still better ornamented. After the introduction of linen, which was but little known in this country before the conquest, beards seem to have disappeared by degrees, as if comporting only with the frowzy covering of a flannel shirt. We still, however, find vestiges of them even in more modern periods. That of James I. appears to have been broad and bushy. During the civil wars, Charles I. is both painted and described as wearing a narrow-pointed beard appended to the lower part of his chin, and *mustachios* on the upper lip; the great Algernon Sydney, in the plate engraved by Basire, from a drawing of Cipriani, prefixed to the Hollis' edition of his works, seems to have worn *mustachios* * only; but most of the republicans of that day actually nursed their beards in proportion as they polled their heads.

Both the French and Austrians appear of late to have considered whiskers as an appendage to the military dress, and from the inroads they have lately made in this country, on the human face, it bids fair to be soon nearly as much shaded by them as it was formerly by the beards.

These preliminary remarks will not appear totally misplaced, perhaps, to such as are acquainted with the person of the noble lord whose memoirs are here offered to the public, as his beard forms one of the most

* The celebrated Sir William Temple, who flourished at a later period, is painted by Sir Peter Lely with *whiskers*.

conspicuous *traits* of his person; and he is the only peer, and, perhaps, the only gentleman of either Great Britain or Ireland, who is thus distinguished.

Matthew Robinson, Baron Rokeby of the kingdom of Ireland, and also a baronet, is descended from a very old and respectable family, being a branch of the Robinsons of Struan, in Scotland, whence his ancestors emigrated about one hundred and fifty years since, and settled in Kent; they soon after acquired some lands in the north riding of Yorkshire, which came to them by an intermarriage with the heiress of Robert Walters, of Cundall, in the latter end of the last century.

Sir Septimus Robinson, Knt. father of the present peer, was gentleman usher to George II. He gave his son, Matthew, a most excellent education, but it was, perhaps, never suspected by the old courtier that he would become one of the most sturdy patriots of his age, a "Whig," according to the real meaning of the word, and as such an assertor of the true principles of English liberty, which called in William III. and placed the present illustrious family on the throne. After a good foundation of classical learning, he sent him to Cambridge, where he remained for several years; and he appears to have made considerable progress in his studies; for he procured a fellowship there, which he retains to this day.

In 1754, he succeeded, on the death of his father, to his estate in East Kent, and appears to have lived at his mansion there, with all the easy affluence, hospitality, and splendour, that characterised the English gentry of that day, when a land-tax at about two shillings in the pound, and a trifling malt-tax, constituted their only burdens. During the winter, part of his time was spent in the capital; and in the summer season, he was accustomed to pass away a month or two at Sandgate-castle, where he enjoyed a charming prospect of the coast of France; while sea-bathing, to which he

was much addicted, was to be had there in great perfection.

In consequence of his vicinity to Canterbury, and a family connexion with that place *, he had many opportunities of cultivating an intimacy with the principal inhabitants. Being a man of engaging manners, shrewd sense, and independent fortune, they determined to nominate him their representative, on the first vacancy. He was accordingly brought into parliament by them, and he faithfully discharged all the important duties annexed to that situation, for a long series of years.

We find Mr. Robinson, during the whole of the American war, one of the most strenuous oppugners of a measure pregnant with gigantic mischief, and which, by the enormous increase of our national debt, generated oppressive taxes, and became the parent of incalculable misfortunes to ourselves and our posterity. Not content with opposing Lord North with his voice in the senate, he entered the lists against him with his pen, and published a pamphlet, pregnant with sound sense, manly argument, and liberal sentiment. In fine, it was then looked upon as one of the most able productions of that day; and it struck the author of this narrative, who borrowed it, some years since, from one of his relatives, as a kind of *political prophecy*, of the calamities which actually arose out of a system of taxation without representation, and coercion without power.

He lived long enough to see all his predictions verified. Our legions either withered away in a distant country, or, if victorious, they only retained in subjection such portions of territory as were covered with sol-

* This, until of late, was carefully kept up; his brother, Charles, who had been originally bred to the sea, but afterwards became a lawyer, having been successively Recorder, and one of the members for that city,

diery, or immediately adjoined the spot on which they encamped;—all else was hostile. Conquest itself became precarious, and defeat was inevitably attended with the endless variety of evils incident to disaster in an enemy's country. At length Burgoyne was captured at Saratoga; France declared herself in favour of the insurgent colonies; Holland and Spain became our enemies; Cornwallis, who has since fought under better auspices, in India and Ireland, laid down his arms to Rochambeau and Washington; and a bleeding and exhausted empire was obliged to accede to the humiliating, but necessary preliminary of American independence.

The escape of all the authors of that disastrous conflict from punishment, and the speedy restoration of one of them to power*, disgusted many good men of that day; and it required, indeed, but little foresight to presage the many evils with which *impunity* was connected. Mr. Robinson appears to have entertained these, or similar sentiments, and to have retired from the scene with a degree of virtuous indignation highly appropriate and becoming.

What contributed to this, perhaps, was his bodily infirmities. From his youth he had been subject to many severe fits of illness, and, in addition to these, his hearing and his sight were considerably affected. In this state of body and mind, he deemed it highly improper for him any longer to occupy a seat in parliament, as he could not either discharge his duties with fidelity to his constituents, or satisfaction to himself. Impressed with this sentiment, he addressed a letter to the inhabitants of Canterbury, in which he took an affectionate leave of them, and is said to have mentioned to one of the principal citizens (perhaps the late Alderman Barham, "that they ought to choose a younger and more vigorous man, as a successor;—one who had eyes to see,

* Lord North, in consequence of the memorable coalition!

ears to hear, and lungs to oppose, the *tricks* of future ministers!"

From this period his history becomes that of a private gentleman. He resided constantly at Mountmorris, and lived equally without ostentation, and without meanness. He planted, improved, and embellished. His house was open to all respectable strangers, and he was much visited, on account of the singularity of his manners, and the shrewdness of his remarks. A great friend to agriculture, his tenants in him experienced a most excellent landlord. As for himself, he seems to have banished the deer from his park, as an unprofitable luxury, and to have supplied their place with black cattle and sheep, of which great numbers are always to be seen there.

It was most probably about this time that Mr. Robinson first permitted his beard to grow; for it must have taken many years to attain that *patriarchal* length which it at present assumes. He also addicted himself to many other seeming singularities; and imagining, perhaps, that sea-bathing was good for the disorder* he was chiefly afflicted with, he built a little hut on the beach near Hythe, about three miles from his own house, in order to enjoy the advantages resulting from it. It is most likely, however, that he indulged to excess in this *medicine*, for he frequently remained in the water until he fainted.

Finding the distance too great, perhaps, for him to walk †, he constructed a bath, so contrived as to be

* A disease of the intestines.

† He was generally accompanied in these excursions by a carriage and a favourite servant, who got up behind when he was tired. Mr. Robinson, with his hat under his arm, proceeded slowly forward, on foot, towards Hythe, realizing as it were, the picture of Gray, in which he paints the venerable figure of one of the Welch poets:

——“ Loose his beard and hoary hair,
Stream'd like a meteor to the trouble'd air:”

rendered tepid by means of the rays of the sun only; it is immediately adjoining to his house, and he has found prodigious benefit from frequent ablutions, or rather immersions, therein*.

If it happened to rain, he would make his attendants get into the post-chaise, observing, "that they were gaudily dressed, and not inured to wet, therefore might spoil their clothes and get ill."

† The writer of this sketch, happening to be in the neighbourhood, towards the latter end of the summer of 1796, determined to see Mr. Robinson, who had then acceded to the title of Lord Rokeby. On his way to Mountmorris, at the summit of the hill above Hythe, which affords a most delightful prospect, he perceived a fountain of pure water over-running a bason which had been erected for it by his lordship. He was informed that there were many such on the same road, and that Lord R. was accustomed to bestow a few half-crown pieces, plenty of which were always kept by him loose in a side pocket, on any *water-drinkers* he might happen to espy partaking of his favourite beverage, which he was sure to recommend with peculiar force and persuasion.

On my approach to the house, I stopped during some time, in order to examine it. It is a good plain gentleman's seat; the grounds were abundantly stocked with black cattle, and I could perceive a horse or two on the steps of the principal entrance.

After the proper enquiries, I was carried by a servant to a little grove, to the right of the avenue, which being entered at a small swing-gate, a building, with a glass covering, dipping obliquely towards the south-west, presented itself, which, at first sight, appeared to be a green-house. The man who accompanied me opened a little wicket, and, on looking in, I perceived a bath immediately under the glass, with a current of water, supplied from a pond behind. On approaching a door, two handsome spaniels, with long ears, and apparently of King Charles's breed, advanced, and like faithful guardians, denied us access, until soothed into security by the well-known accents of the domestic. We then proceeded, and gently passing along a wooden floor, saw his Lordship stretched on his face at the further end. He had just come out of the water,

, On October 10th, 1794, he succeeded, by the death of his uncle, Richard Robinson, Bishop of Armagh, Primate of Ireland, and Baron Rokeby, of the same kingdom, to his honours as an Irish peer. The patent of creation was granted to that dignitary, February 26, 1777, and by it the remainder was to vest in the present lord; but, as Mr. Robinson was either angry that his nephew, Matthew Robinson, Esq. who sat in the last parliament for Boroughbridge, in Yorkshire, should have been so poorly left, after the splendid hopes held out to him, or really entertained objections to titles of all kinds; certain it is, that he declined the honorary appellation, and is said to have declared, that he could not, on any account, have accepted an English peerage, meaning thereby, perhaps, that he considered the former as merely *titular*.

Lord Rokeby is above eighty years of age; the under part of his body, by assuming a *curvature*, makes him appear shorter than he would otherwise be. There are certain oddities discoverable in his dress, which is always plain, and even mean; his forehead is bald, but, in return for this, the under part of his face is well furnished with hair, which, however, gives somewhat of a squalid appearance to his whole person*. His food

and was dressed in an old blue woollen coat, and pantaloons of the same colour. The upper part of his head was bald, but the hair on his chin, which could not be concealed, even by the posture he had assumed, made its appearance between his arms on each side.

I immediately retired, and waited at a little distance until he awoke; when rising he opened the door, darted through the thicket, accompanied by his dogs, and made directly for the house, while some workmen, employed in cutting timber, and whose tongues only I had heard before, now made the woods resound again with their axes.

* There is a pretty good likeness to be met with of Lord Rokeby, in the stationer's shops at Canterbury. It consists of a half-length coloured print.

principally consists of beef-tea, which is always ready for him on a side-board; and he is very abstemious in respect to drink, water being esteemed by him as superior to all other liquids whatever. He abhors fires, and delights much in the enjoyment of the air, without any other canopy than the heavens; even in winter his windows are generally open. He was much attached to the fair sex in his youth, and even now is a great admirer of female beauty.

In respect to politics, his conduct through life, and to this very hour, has been eminently consistent; it is to principles, not men, that he looks up; and he seems to consider a Stewart, or a Guelph, entitled to our praise or our hatred, not on account of their names (for these have no magic with him!) but the difference of their respective modes of government.

At the last general election, he crossed the country to Lenham, and at the *Chequers* inn, at which he halted, was surrounded by the country people from all the adjoining parts, who took him for a Turk! Thence he proceeded to the poll-booth, and gave his vote for his old friend Filmer Honeywood.

Prince William of Gloucester being lately at Canterbury, conceived a prodigious inclination to pay a visit to his lordship; and this being mentioned at Mountmorris, an invitation to dinner ensued.

On that occasion Lord Rokeby presided, with great good-naturè, at a plentiful board, and evinced all the hospitality of an old English baron. Three courses were served up in a magnificent style, to his Royal Highness and his suite, and the banquet concluded with a variety of excellent wines, *tokay* in particular, which had been in the cellar during half a century!

Many ridiculous stories are fabricated respecting his lordship, and among others, that he will not permit any of his tenants to sow barley, because barley may be controverted into malt, and malt would pay a tax to-

wards carrying on the war, which he conceives to be an unjust one, &c. &c.

The family of Lord Rokeby has long possessed a literary turn, and he himself may be justly considered as a man of letters. It was a relative of his who wrote the celebrated treatise on *gavel-kind*. His eldest sister, Mrs. Montague, has triumphantly defended the memory and genius of Shakspeare, against the criticisms, perhaps, of the greatest man of the day *. His other sister, Mrs. Scott, who died in 1795, wrote several novels, some of which have attained considerable reputation; his nephew and successor, Morris Robinson, has a taste for poetry; and Matthew Montague, the brother of the latter, and heir to the celebrated lady of the same name, is author of a pamphlet on Mr. Pitt's administration.

As for his lordship himself, he published the valuable, and now very *scarce* tract, alluded to before; and at an age when most old men think only of themselves, he has not been inattentive to what he considers the dearest interests of his country; having, in 1797, published an excellent pamphlet, entitled, "An Address to the County of Kent, on their Petition to the King for removing from the Councils of his Majesty his present Ministers, and for adopting proper Means to procure a speedy and a happy Peace; together with a Postscript concerning the Treaty between the Emperor of Germany and France, and concerning our Domestic Situation in time to come."

In short, his lordship, *even independent of his beard*, which alone attracts the gaze of the multitude, may be considered as a very singular man.

He lives a considerable portion of his life in water, tempered by the rays of the sun.

He travels on foot at a time of life when men of his rank and fortune *always* indulge in a carriage.

* Voltaire.

He is abstemious, both in respect to eating and drinking, amidst a luxurious age, wallowing in the excesses of both.

He has attained to great longevity, without having recourse to the aid of pharmacy, and, indeed, with an utter contempt of the venders and practitioners of physic *, whose presence he is reported to have interdicted.

He has written a sensible pamphlet, at an age when every other man (Cornaro, perhaps, only excepted) has relinquished his pen.

By temperance, exercise, and perhaps, also, in consequence of frequent bathing, his body is so-braced, as to enable him to sit in winter without a fire. He has also combated, during a long life, a very infirm constitution, and a disease generally considered as fatal.

And lastly, what is perhaps, more singular than all the rest, he has been *wonderfully* consistent; for he has never once, in the whole course of his life, been found to swerve from his principles; in fine, he will carry to his grave the character of being virtuous and independent in a country becoming famous for its servility, venality, and corruption †.

May the day that is to put an end to his existence be far off, and may his mind be cheered, at the last awful moment, with the recollection of his benevolence and his patriotism!

* I have heard that when a *paroxysm* was expected to come on, his lordship has told his nephew, that if he staid he was welcome; but that if he called in medical assistance, out of a false humanity, and it should accidentally happen, that he (Lord R.) was not *killed by the doctor*, he hoped he should have sufficient use of his hands and senses left to make a new will, and disinherit him!

† The Reply of Lord Rokeby to a letter lately addressed to him by Lord Castlereagh on the subject of the union with Ireland, is a production that would do honour to a man who had not passed his grand climacteric.

SKETCH OF THE FRENCH OFFICERS
WHO LANDED IN IRELAND.

[From the Bishop of Killalla's Narrative.]

FROM the time the French left us to the care of Mr. Charost, he, and two officers under him, messed with the bishop's family, where they were very welcome, being, under providence, their sole protectors in the midst of so many perils. Whatever could be effected by vigilance, resolution, and conduct for the safety of the place confided to them, was to a surprising degree effected for the district of Killalla by these three French officers, without the support of a single soldier of their own country; and that for the long space of twenty-three days, from the 1st of September to the day of the battle. It is natural to suppose, that in such a tract of time a tolerable insight must have been obtained into their characters; and where the part they acted was of so much consequence, the reader may expect some description of them.

Lieutenant Colonel Charost had attained to the age of five and forty. He was born in Paris, the son (as I was told) of a watchmaker in that city, who sent him over early to some connections in St. Domingo, where he was fortunate enough to marry a wife with a plantation for her dowry, which yielded him, before the troubles, an income of two thousand pounds sterling per annum. By the unhappy war which still desolates that island, he lost every thing, even to his wife and his only child, a daughter; they were taken on their passage to France, and sent away to Jamaica. His eyes would fill when he told the family, that he had not seen these dear relatives for six years past, nor even had tidings of them for the last three years. On returning to France, he embraced the military life, at first in the royal service, afterwards, when the times changed, in that of

the republic, where he had risen by due degrees to the rank he now filled. His residence had been at Rochelle with a brother, with whom he had shared bed and board till he was called, at only three days notice, to go out on the present expedition. In person he was strong and vigorous, inclining to fat; his countenance was cheerful, and on the whole, pleasing, notwithstanding a blemish in one eye; he had a plain, good understanding, which served him for all the uses that he put it to, and he had either no leisure or no liking to strain it with over labour. His religion, he told the bishop, he had yet to seek; because his father being a catholic, and his mother a protestant, they had left him the liberty of choosing for himself, and he had never yet found time to make the enquiry, which however he was sensible he ought to make, and would make at some time when heaven should grant him repose. In the interim, he believed in God, was inclined to think there must be a future state; and was very sure that, while he lived in this world, it was his duty to do all the good to his fellow creatures that he could. The bishop offered a present to this half-christian of a book that might have satisfied his doubts, *La religion naturelle et revelée par l'Abbé Tremblay*. He was thankful; but it is not unlikely the sight even of three small volumes frightened him, for he never afterwards claimed the promise. Yet what he did not exhibit in his own conduct he appeared to respect in others; for he took care that no noise nor disturbance should be made in the castle on Sundays, while the family and many protestants from the town were assembled in the library at their devotions.

Boudet, the next in rank to the commandant, was a captain of foot, a native of Normandy, twenty-eight years of age. His father, he said, was yet living, though sixty-seven years old when he was born. His height was six feet two inches. In person, complexion, and gravity, he was no inadequate representation

of the knight of La Mancha, whose example he followed in a recital of his own prowess and wonderful exploits, delivered in measured language and an imposing seriousness of aspect. He came to Killalla from the town of Newport-Pratt, which he assured us he had taken with his own hand, though defended by four English troopers; he had gallantly kept the place for three or four days, and retired from it only because it was assailed by fifteen horse—but we were not to be surprised that so much should be achieved by an officer, bred in the Ecole Militaire at Paris to be one of the late king's body-guard, trained from his childhood to arms, a man who had served in Flanders and on the Rhine, and had more than once been obliged to trample on mountains of dead and dying men after a battle. To vanity he added a fault that does not often go along with it, pride. He valued himself on an education superior to that of his companions in arms; was argumentative, contradictory, and irascible; so that his superior officer found it no easy matter to maintain peace with him. His manner however, though distant, was polite: and he seemed to possess a more than common share of feeling, if a judgment might be formed from the energy with which he declaimed on the miseries of wars and revolutions. His integrity and courage appeared unquestionable. On the whole, when we became familiarized to his failings, we saw reason every day to respect his virtues.

The last of this trio was named Ponson, a curious contrast in every respect to the character just described. In stature he did not exceed five feet six inches; but if the body was little, it was alive from head to foot. Navarre gave him birth, the country of Henry IV. and his merry countenance recalled to mind the features of that celebrated monarch, though without the air of benevolence diffused through them; for this monkey seemed to have no great feeling for any body but him-

self. Wherever he was, his presence was testified by a noise as loud and as pertinacious as that of a corn-creak; it was a continued roll of talk, or laughter, or whistling. The decencies of polished life he had probably never known; or if he had, he affected to despise them. Yet in a gloomy hour this eternal rattle had its use; it more than once kept our spirits buoyant, when terror pressed heaviest. I shall mention two instances. One day a crowd of pikemen, clamorous with some insolent demand upon the commandant, appeared on the point of breaking down the castle-gate. The bishop expressed his apprehensions to Ponson. "I will tell you what to do," said he, "step out among them suddenly, and cry *stop thief*, and they will every man of them take to their heels." The other occasion was that very serious one, when (as shall be related presently) the news of the French overthrow had weakened the authority of the commandant to that degree, that the rebels were deterred from laying hands on the Protestants at Killalla only by the bishop's proposal of sending ambassadors to Castlebar to obtain good treatment for the rebel prisoners there. The bishop and the commandant stood outside at the gate, close circled by malecontents; authority and argument had been tried by turns, mutinous whispers were going round, the final issue of the parley was very uncertain. At this critical moment appeared Ponson, coming in from the town, with a face expressive of horror. "Commandant," said he, "I have a shocking piece of news to tell you." What news? said the other, who was not in a very good humour to listen to any news. "I am married," cried Ponson—"married, I give you my oath, to Miss such a one," naming the prettiest girl in the town. "This here wicked curate" (Mr. Nixon, whom he held by the arm) "has tied the knot, before I could find out what he was about." This ridiculous sally, when explained to the bye-standers, relaxed the features of the whole

company ; scowling looks were dropt, and peace and mutual agreement succeeded.

Ponson was hardy, and patient to admiration of labour and want of rest. A continued watching of five days and nights together, when the rebels were growing desperate for prey and mischief, did not appear to sink his spirits in the smallest degree. He was ready at a moment's notice to sally out upon the marauders, whom, if he caught them in the fact, he belaboured without mercy, and without a symptom of fear for his own safety. Tied to a sword as long as himself, and armed with pistols, firelock, and bayonet, he stretched himself up to view till he became terrific—at least he frightened many a tall peasant most heartily. He was strictly honest, and could not bear the want of this quality in others ; so that his patience was pretty well tried by his Irish allies, for whom he could not find names sufficiently expressive of contempt. The worst part of his character was that which related to religion. The commandant reported him to be a downright atheist. In his practice he went beyond the common herd of the French army, who, though they shewed no desire to join in worship with any people (a circumstance frightful to all, and astonishing to the roman catholics) yet respected the devotions of their neighbours. Ponson was a stouter sinner. The first time he dined with the family at the castle, the bishop observing him suddenly to quit the room, asked the commandant what he meant. “ You will hardly believe,” said Charost, “ that your saying grace to your meat appeared to him an action so very ridiculous, that as he knew it would be ill manners to laugh, he was forced to leave the table till he could suppress the emotion.” In fact the bishop did *not* believe it, but in his own mind attributed the action to a more probable cause, vanity, the miserable affectation of appearing to be more wicked than he really was.

With these three Frenchmen was some times joined an officer of theirs from Ballina, who bore the title of Major O'Keon. A native of our barony of Trawley, O'Keon had received his education for the priesthood in France, and had attained to a benefice of some value in the church, when the revolution, stripping him at once of profession and livelihood, forced him to become a soldier for bread. The common road to a commission in the French armies is now, I understand, length of service in the ranks. By service O'Keon was become either a major or a captain, for he was called indifferently by both names. He was a fat, jolly looking man, with a ruddy countenance that carried nothing forbidding in it, except that his black thick eye-brows ran into each other, as they often do in aboriginal Irish faces. Of the English tongue he retained enough to be quite intelligible; and being also expert in Irish as well as French, he was able to render considerable service to his cause. His connections with this neighbourhood (for he had a father and two brothers near Ballina, heartily affected to the French) induce a strong suspicion of the truth of a story which he gave out when he first landed, and to which he adhered to the last, that his being destined to this expedition, was an accident, and that the squadron itself, which brought him over, was intended to invade not Killalla, but Donegal. From his conversation the bishop had conceived a good opinion of this man. His language breathed nothing but mildness and liberality; and indeed his behaviour was suitable, for he exerted himself on all occasions to protect the loyalists, and frequently with the greatest effect. At one time, particularly, he is said to have prevailed on an armed mob at Ballina to drop their declared purpose of marching to Killalla to have all the protestants there imprisoned; it is even added, that he turned them back after they had actually advanced a part of the way. This conduct, whether he adopted it from principle or policy, contributed more, than his

proving himself to be a naturalized Frenchman, to save his life afterwards on his court-martial at Castlebar. He escaped with some difficulty, with the help of an attestation in his favour from the bishop among many others, and being forbid ever to return to the British territories; he expressed in Dublin, and more lately by letter from Yarmouth, the highest sense of his obligations to the Bishop. It is painful to add, that experience and further enquiry into the character of this quondam priest have convinced his benefactor, that the man was deficient both in morals and common honesty*.

THE
LIFE OF PLUTARCH.

IT has long been a complaint, that those who teach us wisdom by the surest ways, should generally live poor and unregarded, as if they were born only for the public, and had no interest in their own well being, but were to be lighted up like tapers, to waste themselves for the benefit of others. This; however, doth not apply to Plutarch, for he lived in an age that was sensible of his virtues, and found a Trajan to reward him as an Aristotle did an Alexander.

It is agreed that Plutarch was born at Chæronea, a small city of Bœotia, in Greece; between Attica and Phocis, and reaching to both seas. Juvenal called the natal spot of our author, a country of fat weathers, owing to the foggy air; but be it remembered, that it nevertheless produced three wits, which were comparable to any three Athenians, Pindar, Epaminondas, and our Plutarch. The year of Plutarch's birth is uncertain, but without dispute in the reign of Claudius.

* He cheated the bishop of twelve guineas, and he carried off from Dublin another man's wife.

Our author in his works speaks of his father as a man well read in learning and poetry, and commends his prudence and humanity. The father of Plutarch had many children beside him. Timon and Lampreas, his brothers, were bred up with him; all three instructed in the liberal sciences, and in all parts of philosophy. Plutarch evinced a great affection for his relatives, indeed they, according to his own account, merited his esteem, for they were kind and affectionate.

Plutarch, at the end of Themistocles' life relates, that being young, he was a pensioner on the house of Ammonius, the Egyptian philosopher* whom he brings in disputing with his scholars, and giving them instructions. The custom of those times was very much different from those of ours, where the greatest part of our youth is spent in learning the words of dead languages. The Grecians, who thought all barbarians but themselves, despised the use of foreign tongues; the first elements of their breeding were the knowledge of nature, and the accommodation of that knowledge by moral precepts to the service of the public and the private offices of virtue; the masters employing one part of their time in reading to and discoursing with their scholars, and the rest in appointing them their several exercises, whether in oratory or philosophy, and setting them to declaim and dispute among themselves. By this liberal education, study was so far from being a burthen, that in a short time it became a habit; and philosophical questions and criticisms of humanity were their usual recreations at their meals. Boys lived then as the better sort of men do now; for their conversation was well bred and manly. Rods and ferulas were not used by Ammonius, as being properly the punishment of slaves, and not the correction of ingenious free-born men. Plutarch, therefore, having the assistance of such a master as Ammonius, in a few years advanced

* Who was settled at Athens.

to admiration in knowledge; for, like a true philosopher, who minded things not words—he strove not even to cultivate his mother tongue with any great exactness. As it was his good fortune to be moulded first by masters the most excellent in their kind, so it was his own virtue to suck in with an incredible desire their wise instructions; and it was also his prudence so to manage his health by moderation of diet and bodily exercise, as to attain a good old age, and be vigorous to the last. We find that Plutarch visited Egypt, which was at that time, as formerly it had been, famous for learning. From Egypt, returning into Greece, he visited in his way all the academies, or schools of the different philosophers, and gathered from them many of those observations with which he has enriched posterity.

In his treatise which he has composed on Content and Peace of Mind, he has displayed a rich cabinet of matter. We may perceive in his writings the desire he had to imprint his precepts in the souls of his readers, and to lodge morality in families, nay even to exalt it to the thrones of sovereign princes, and to make it the rule and measure of their government. The Pythagorean, Epicurean, stoic, and peripatetic philosophy, were familiar to him, but he was chiefly inclined to follow Plato, whose memory he so much revered, that, annually, he celebrated his birth day, and also that of Socrates.

It appears that the moral philosopher was his chiefest aim, because the principles of it admitted of less doubt, and are most conducive to the benefit of human life; for, after the example of Socrates, he had found that the speculations of natural philosophy were rather delightful than solid and profitable; and thus they were abstruse and thorny, and had much of sophism in the solution of appearances. He forgot not to be pleasant when he instructed, for he was no sour philosopher. As to his religion—it was heathen. Alas!—that he was no

Christian is manifest; yet he is no where found to have spoken of our religion with contumely. Theodoret says of him, that he had heard of our holy gospel, and inserted many of our sacred mysteries in his works, which we may easily believe, because the Christian churches were then spread in Greece. But leaving the soul of Plutarch, with our charitable wishes, to his Maker, we shall proceed on to more entertaining passages of his life, evading a disquisition respecting the doctrine of spirits.

Plutarch has spoke of his wife in language the most affectionate. He has extolled her conjugal virtues, her gravity in behaviour, and her constancy in supporting the loss of children. Some think the famous critic Longinius, was of Plutarch's family. It is needless to insist on his conduct to his family; his love to his wife, his indulgence to his children, his care of their education, are all manifest in that part of his works which is called his Morals.

Other writers have praised his disposition, and he himself drops this testimony—"I had rather," says he, "be forgotten in the memory of man, and it should be said, there neither is, nor was a man called Plutarch, than that they should report this Plutarch was unconstant, changeable in his temper, prone to anger and revenge on the least occasion." There is a pretty anecdote related of Plutarch and a certain slave, who in his disposition somewhat resembled the harmless Sancho Pança, excepting that his composition had more of the vinegar in it. Plutarch being justly offended at this fellow, gave orders for his correction; the slave no sooner felt the smart than he bawled out lustily, but on a sudden he left off his lamentations and began to argue the matter with more show of reason, and accused Plutarch of not being the philosopher he pretended himself to be. Plutarch gave his reasonings a patient hearing; he assured his slave that in him he did not discover any

symptoms of anger, for he was quite calm, and turning to the officer, bid him do his duty, whilst he and the slave disputed the matter.

We have strong reasons to conclude that Plutarch was at Rome, either in the joint reign of the two Vespasians, or at least in that of the survivor Titus; and that the correspondence he had with the worthy Sossius Senecio, principally induced him to undertake the journey thither. On his arrival at Rome, soon was he countenanced by the worthies of that age, who, with the nobility, frequented his house, in order to hear his philosophical lectures. About this time Plutarch was honoured with the friendship of Trajan; and it is said that this wise emperor made use of him in all his counsels, and that the happiness which attended him in his undertakings, together with the administration of the government, which in all his reign was just and regular, proceeded from the instructions which were given him by Plutarch.

Whilst at Rome Plutarch industriously applied himself to the study of the Roman history and laws, and the native character; hence was he not only enabled to write the history of their great men, but to draw masterly parallels betwixt the Grecian and Roman heroes. It is generally thought that he continued in Italy near forty years. The desire of visiting his own country, so natural to all men, and the approaches of old age, and perhaps also the death of Trajan, prevailed with him at last to leave Italy, or if you will have it in his own words, "He was not willing that his little city should be one the less by his absence.

After his return he was, by the unanimous consent of his citizens chosen archon, or chief magistrate of Chæronea; and, not long after, admitted himself into the number of Apollo's priests, in which employments he seems to have continued to his death, of which we have no particular account, only it is evident that he lived to a great old age.

Thus much with respect to the life of this great man. We shall take a slight survey of his works, many of which are irrecoverably lost. His *Lives* are, however, of themselves, a stupenduous monument to his fame, and his *Morals* crown this towering edifice with a sort of never fading laurel.

We might descant with rapture on the beauties of history; suffice it, that it is a very prospective glass, carrying your soul to a vast distance, and taking in the farthest objects of antiquity. Biography, or the history of men's lives, although not possessing the dignity of history, nevertheless excels in pleasure and instruction. It is not only commended by ancient practice to celebrate the memory of great and worthy men, as the best thanks posterity can pay them; but also the examples of virtue are of more vigour, when they are thus contracted into individuals. Plutarch was sensible of this truth, and posterity have profited by his labours; Plutarch knew the value of good morals, and Plutarch was incessant in furnishing mankind with lessons of wisdom. Mankind, to their honour, have felt a gratitude to their benefactor.

CARRUTH.

7th August, 1800.

A
LETTER TO A FRIEND,
ON
THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

Our *dying friends* come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainless ardours; and abate
That glare of life which often blinds the wise.
Our *dying friends* are pioneers to smooth
Our rugged pass to death—to break those bars
Of terror and abhorrence nature throws
Cross our obstructed way, and thus to make
Welcome as safe our port from ev'ry storm!

YOUNG.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

PERMIT an old acquaintance, who conceives he is not entirely destitute of a sympathetic heart, to condole with you, in your present very great affliction. Long and distant separation, though it has rendered our interviews seldom and short, has not diminished my interest in your happiness, nor abated the ardour of my wishes for your prosperity and usefulness.

What a stroke, my friend, you have received! I tremble at the thought of such a situation. To enjoy an agreeable partner is one of life's greatest enjoyments. To be deprived of her must be then a calamity equally great. I suppose your connection to have been of this kind; and, therefore, ought to conclude your feelings are equally acute with what I judge mine would be in such a situation.

What a scene presents itself to my imagination! The wife and the mother gone! a distressed husband! bereaved children! a mourning family! She, who so lately presided in the family, sat at the same table, and lay in your bosom, taken away! The partner of

your cares—the sharer of your joys; she, who, to lighten your sorrows, took cheerfully a part on herself, is now no more! The interchange of endearments and attentions—of friendly offices and social enjoyments, is destroyed, and those domestic duties in which you jointly partook, have devolved on you alone! What an accumulation of care! when, with the duties of a father, must be joined the attention, the tenderness, the caresses of a mother. Of the expectation of that affectionate reception, those tokens of joy, that anxious solicitude to please, on returning home after the absence of a few weeks, or even days, and of the value of which none have been more sensible, or have enjoyed more than myself, you are now, alas! deprived.

What must you not have felt during the progress of that disease which has terminated so fatally, and before the expiring lamp became extinct? What anxiety! what palpitations! what watchful nights! what painful days! what alternations of hope and fear! Awhile the countenance brightened with expectation, anon, it lowered with despair! What solicitous enquiries of the medical attendant! Alas! the illusions of hope are dispelled, and despair has taken possession of your breast! Your heart has lost the object of its fondest affection, and feels a dreadful vacuity; and, what deepens the anguish, it can never more be restored on earth. What a diminution of social enjoyment! and how baseless the hopes and joys that are bottomed on human instability!

A variety of circumstances will conspire to renew and perpetuate your grief, and keep alive a painful remembrance of your loss. The empty corner, the vacant chair, her absence from table—from the evening fire and the domestic circle: the clothes she wore, the sight of her intimate acquaintance, and, above all, the children! those living images of their mother;—their enquiries, and their artless talk! How many painful recollections will these occasion? Good God! to what

vicissitudes is human life subject! and how much is man, even the good man, destined to bear!

“Man is born to trouble.” When we contemplate affliction in others, it is, comparatively speaking, with little emotion; but when brought home to ourselves, how exquisitely we feel! O sympathy! thou soothing power, great alleviator of human woes! be thou my constant companion, and let my bosom be ever open to thy kindly influence. If thy presence produce the heart-felt pang, the deeply heaved sigh, and the flowing tear, still thou hast charms that make thee lovely and desirable, and such as amply compensate him who receives thee for an inmate. It is thine to soften and to humanize—to participate the joys as well as the sorrows of others, and powerfully excite to benevolent exertions in diminishing the sum of human misery! The strings thou touchest vibrate in harmony with the designs of providence and social relations! Without thy genial influence, in a world so full of vicissitude and sorrow, man is destitute of his chief ornament and noblest characteristic as a social being, is deprived of his most powerful stimulus, and degenerates into a state of brutality!

Think not, my friend, that in recounting these particulars, my design is to heighten your sorrow and deepen the sense of your loss. The former would be cruel and the latter needless. I would hope I am not capable of so cruel an intention, as to widen those wounds which have already bled so copiously. It is to convince you, that knowing how great your loss is, and what your feelings under it must be, I sympathise with you. It is by participating to mitigate your grief. It is to alleviate, to soothe, to console. I also have recently experienced a domestic deprivation, but not equally great with yours, and suffering teaches me to feel.

But what shall I say to do this? What can I suggest that has not already presented itself to your mind? Shall I offer the cold consolation of saying, you must

follow her, and lie by her side? Will the trite observation be sufficient, that others too have suffered equal with what you now feel? Shall I unfeelingly and absurdly intimate that grief is useless; that tears are unmanly, and that you should try to forget your loss, when there are so many circumstances to recall it to your remembrance? No! little as I know of human nature, I cannot be persuaded these will avail. Neither will I refer you to the case of the prophet, whose wife was "taken away with a stroke," and who was forbidden to *mourn*, as it appears to me not to be in point. If that account be not parabolical, it was an extraordinary case, and for a particular and public purpose. I would rather say, ease your mind of its grief, by giving it vent in tears. Diminish your sorrows by communicating them. "Sorrow pent up in the human heart would soon break it. It has a natural discharge, let it flow and disburden the soul." Do not take pains to shew you are not possessed of the feelings of a man. Christianity does not require it, nor will the example of Christ justify it. We are required to regulate our passions and to restrain our feelings, but not to extinguish them. Could we do it, we should gain nothing by the change. Time, the lenient hand of time, will do most for you; it will powerfully contribute to abate the keenness of your present sensations, and weaken your present impressions. The wise author of nature has so constituted us, that we shall not always feel with the same acute sensibility from events joyous or calamitous; and experience and observation shew us, that even virtuous impressions, however deep, are not perpetual, without a constant recurrence to those objects which first produced them.

But you want *present* consolation. *Contemplation*, *prayer*, and *agreeable company*, will afford a considerable portion, and the rest must be left to *time*. Many subjects of pleasing contemplation are at hand, which I

need but just mention, your good sense and piety will supply the rest. Such as *the righteous government of God*, under which we live, who has engaged to make "all things work together for good to them that love him," though we do not at present see how this will be done.—*His character*, which is uniform, unchangeable, and consistent, when he takes away as well as when he bestows; when he defeats our designs, and frustrates our hopes, as when he gratifies them: whether he save life or destroy, he acts from the same invariable principle. *The persuasion of the happiness of your deceased partner—the certainty of a resurrection of the righteous to a state of immortality*, and to all the bliss that the most sanguine mind can wish, and more than the most capacious intellect can conceive — *the prospect of the renewal of virtuous friendship in a future state*, in all the bloom, vigour, and perfection of immortal life—the *reason* you have to expect support under your affliction, profit in it, and the *protection and blessing* of God on yourself and offspring, by committing yourself and them to him who has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,"—"all needful things shall be added to you," &c.—*Prayer* will have a beneficial effect. It will calm the perturbed passions and tranquillize the mind. *Social converse* with sensible and serious persons will relieve, because it will divert the thoughts, which have so strong a tendency to the departed object of your warmest affection. In solitude, those endearing recollections which renew your grief, and open afresh the floodgates of sorrow, and on which the mind, with a sadness bordering on melancholy, delights to dwell, are apt to break into distress,—to agitate—to overwhelm. *Reading* affords another resource by no means to be despised.

But, perhaps, for some of these you seem to have lost your relish, and are ready to say, "Alas! my inclination for reading has departed from me, and I am

unable to fix my attention. Society, now I have lost her with whom I was most familiar, is bereft of its accustomed charms, and amidst the social circle, while my heart is thus oppressed, and I am the subject of so much absence of thought I should still be in solitude." It may be so at intervals, and for the present; but still, if the above expedients do not afford that immediate or complete relief which is wanted, they will afford it soon, and in a degree proportioned to a perseverance in them.

One advantage, at least, you will be likely to reap from your loss. As she is gone to heaven before you, it gives you an additional interest in that world, and will be a fresh incitement to vigorous exertions to follow her there. The thought of meeting again in so happy a place, and in such finished mutual perfection, cannot fail to afford both comfort and stimulus to your mind, in defiance of the distress you feel. In addition to which you will be desirous in this state of incertitude, and as long as your earthly existence continues, to do the best you can for your family, your friends, and society. You will remember the stroke is from God, and bear in mind the example and language of holy Job, under his complicated distress—*The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.* But it is time to conclude this letter, perhaps already too long. If it only serve to afford you a moment's relief or diversion of thought, or convince you of the sympathy I feel, it will not be entirely useless. Adieu, my dear friend! May the God of all consolation, comfort you in this your affliction, and afford you all that support your condition requires! May he prolong your days, continue and extend your usefulness, be the strength of your heart in trouble and in death, and your portion for ever!

I remain, with the best wishes and most cordial esteem,

Your friend and brother,

Hinckley.

J. F.

From Essays on the Lives and Writings of Fletcher of Saltoun, and the Poet Thomson; by the Earl of Buchan.

LETTER

FROM

THOMSON TO MRS. 'R——,

THE SISTER OF AMANDA.

MADAM,

Christmas Day, 1742.

I BELIEVE I am in love with some one or all of you; for though you will not favour me with the scrap of a pen, yet I cannot forbear writing to you again. Is it not however barbarous, not to send me a few soft characters, one pretty name to cheer my eyes withal? How easily some people might make others happy if they would! But it is no small comfort to me, since you will not write, that I shall soon have the pleasure of being in your company. And then, though I were downright picqued, I shall forget it all in a moment.

I cannot help telling you of a very pleasing scene I lately saw.—In the middle of a green field there stands a peaceful lowly habitation; into which having entered, I beheld innocence, sweet innocence asleep. Your heart would have yearned, your eyes perhaps overflowed with tears of joy, to see how charming he looked; like a young cherub dropped from heaven, if they be so happy as to have young cherubs there.

When awaked, it is not to be imagined with what complacency and ease, what soft serenity altogether un-mixed with the least cloud, he opened his eyes. Dancing with joy in his nurse's arms, his eyes not only smiled, but laughed—which put me in mind of a certain near relation of his, whom I need not name.

What delights thee so, thou lovely babe! art thou

thinking of thy mother's recovery? does some kind power impress upon thee a presage of thy future happiness under her tender care?—I took the liberty to touch him with unhallowed lips, which restored me to the good opinion of the nurse, who had neither forgot nor forgiven my having slighted that favour once. While thus I gazed with sincere and virtuous satisfaction, I could most pathetically have addressed the gay wretches of the age, the joyless inmates of Batchelor's Hall *, and was ready to repeat Milton's divine hymn on marriage :

Hail, wedded love! mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise of all things common else!
By thee adulterous lust was driven from men
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee,
Founded in reason, loyal, just and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
Far be it, &c.

Now that I have been transcribing some lines of poetry, I think I once engaged myself while walking in Kew-lane to write two or three songs. The following is one of them, which I have stolen from the Song of Solomon; from that beautiful expression of Love. "Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me."

O thou, whose tender serious eyes
Expressive speak the mind I love:
The gentle azure of the skies;
The pensive shadows of the grove.
O mix their beauteous beams with mine,
And let us interchange our hearts;
Let all their sweetness on me shine,
Pour'd thro' my soul be all their darts.

* Batchelor's Hall, a house on Richmond Hill; so called from being occupied during the summer-season by a society of gentlemen from London.

Ah! 'tis too much! I cannot bear
 At once so soft, so keen, a ray:
 In pity, then, my lovely fair,
 O turn these killing eyes away!
 But what avails it to conceal
 One charm, where nought but charms we see?
 Their lustre then again reveal,
 And let me, Myra, die of thee.

My best respects attend Miss Young and Miss Berry, who, I hope, are heartily tired of Bath, and will leave it without the least regret, whomsoever they leave pining behind them. I wish you all a much happier and merrier Christmas than we can have without you. But in amends you will bring us along with you a gay and happy new year. Believe me to be, with the greatest respect, and the heartiest good wishes that all health and happiness may ever attend you,

Madam,
 Your most obedient
 humble servant,
 JAMES THOMSON.

THE OLD BACHELOR.

A CHARACTER.

THE temporal happiness of man very much depends on his social connections, and that most intimate connection which is formed by marriage, seems to me the fairest chance which any man can have for domestic comfort. Throughout all my life, I have ever observed more happiness in the family of a married man, than of a single one. And of all miserable mortals, I know none so miserable as an old bachelor, one who has never formed a tender connection with a woman; for after all that can be said, it is only with woman that we are to expect that tender

concern and anxious solicitude which tempers distress, and renders our affections tolerable.

The precise old bachelor, is one of those characters which is very naturally disagreeable to the youth of both sexes, insomuch, that old bachelor, is almost a term of reproach. Let us survey the old bachelor in all his glory. He gets up in the morning, and rings his bell; his servant attends to know what he would be pleased to have—because he is paid for it.—The old bachelor orders breakfast of coffee, or tea, or chocolate, and his housekeeper makes the tea, or coffee, or chocolate—because she is paid for it.—When this is over, he rings his bell again, and desires the servant to remove the things; this the servant does—because he is paid for it.—Next, old Celibacy orders his horse to be got ready; the servant conveys the orders to the stable-keeper, who immediately sends the horse saddled and bridled—because he too is paid for it.—While he is preparing to mount, the house-keeper asks him what he will please to have for dinner; he swears an oath or two, and wonders how she can ask such a question so soon after breakfast. On his return he sits down to dinner—which ten to one he does not like; it is not his favourite dish, or it is not well drest; there is not the proper sauce, or the bread is stale; he then scolds the servants—they bear the scolding with great philosophy—because they are paid for it;—and if he threatens to dismiss them, they are equally indifferent, because they can soon get another service in a family where there is one to superintend the whole, and take the blame off their shoulders—The dinner being over, he drinks a bottle with an acquaintance, and then enjoys the superlative satisfaction of railing against the female sex, and, perhaps, singing a foolish song, or giving a foolish toast in favour of celibacy, all of which his friend agrees to, because he—likes the wine!

All this being over, the friend, or friends leave him, and he dozes away the time until supper, which is

served up in great order by his servants—because they are paid for it;—and after falling asleep in his chair, he is wakened by the noise of a dog or cat in the neighbouring gutter—after which he goes quietly and orderly to bed, with the reflection, that there is not a single person in the house, who cares whether he be found dead or alive in his bed next morning.

So much for old bachelors.—What is the inference from all this? The plain inference from this is, that as a young man is in a situation to provide for a family, the most prudent thing he can do is to marry, if he wishes to avoid the temptations to which single men are exposed, and values his integrity, his constitution, or his temporal happiness.

CHARACTERS.

BY JOHN STURGES, LL. D. PREBENDARY OF WINCHESTER.

[From *Reflections on the Principles and Institutions of Popery.*]

WYCKLIFF

LED the way to the English reformation, and by his opinions and writings began to dispel the darkness in which the religion of this country was involved. His name became, of course, odious in the highest degree to the partisans of the doctrines and jurisdiction of the Roman see: all his opinions adverse to these were formally condemned, and the council of Constance executed a sort of impotent vengeance on him, by ordering his bones to be dug up many years after his death, and burnt. Nothing is more natural, than to suppose, that there might be some mixture of what was exceptionable among these opinions, considering the early period in which he lived, the unimproved state of all religious and

useful learning, and the newness of the ground on which he stood against such a host of formidable adversaries. But the vigour of his mind, in seizing the great principles on which the reformation in its maturer state proceeded, and the courage with which he dared at that time to maintain them, placed him in the highest rank of merit among the reformers, and intitle him to the respect and gratitude of all protestant posterity.

LUTHER.

It required a degree of perseverance and intrepidity not less than that which Luther possessed, to make him engage in the arduous contest, to support him through its continuance, and finally to give him such success in it, as to carry off from the allegiance of Rome, either under his own immediate standard, or that of the allies connected with him by a common cause, so large a proportion of her subjects. For to him must be in a great measure attributed all the branches of the reformation; which spread over the different parts of Europe, after he had first planted it in Germany. A wonderful achievement this for a private German monk; and an instance, among many others, with what inconsiderable and apparently inadequate instruments the most important purposes of Providence are accomplished. Luther was in his manners and writings coarse, presuming, and impetuous; but these were qualities allied to those which alone made him capable of supporting well the extraordinary character in which he appeared. I have always been struck with his translating the whole Bible into German, which is a classical book in that language, and has, I believe, as a translation, maintained high credit down to later times, as a singular proof of learning and ability. Whoever will consider the difficulty of *one man's* executing such a work at a period, when the knowledge of the original languages was rare, and the

assistancess of sacred criticism and literature (which have been since so much multiplied) were inconsiderable and scanty, will be probably inclined to agree with me in this opinion.

ERASMUS.

Nothing could be more different from Luther's character than that of Erasmus, who was *equally sensible with him* of the abuses and superstitions of the Roman church. No man could expose them better by serious reasoning or elegant raillery. Of the external forms of monastic devotion none had a more perfect contempt. But he had not Luther's intrepidity to avow his opinions and to support them. Let us not, however, be too ready to blame him for not being willing to encounter dangers which were sufficient to impress terror on the stoutest mind; but be grateful to him for the service done to true christianity by the just conceptions of it expressed in his writings, for his early editions of the New Testament, and his labours on it, which are still consulted and read with utility and pleasure, and for his general merits to literature at large. To him, from his abundant erudition, from his good taste, and the captivating pleasantness of his style, alike removed from barbarism and pedantry, and from that amenity of genius which rendered every subject he treated agreeable, was literature more indebted, than to any other person in the whole list of illustrious scholars, who flourished on its revival.

At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name,
 The glory of the priesthood and the shame,
 Stem'd the wild torrent of a barbarous age,
 And drove those hoary Vandals off the stage.

POPE ESS. ON CRIT. 693.

FATHER PAUL.

Whenever unfortunate events are considered as *judgments from heaven* on the sufferers, a passage of the incomparable Father Paul, on the death of the reformers Zuinglius and Ecolampadius, always occurs to me. "The catholics," says he, "attributed the death of both to divine providence, which in compassion to the Swiss nation had punished and taken away the authors of discord. And it is certainly," he proceeds, "a pious and religious turn of mind to attribute the disposal of every event to divine providence, but to determine *for what purpose* this supreme wisdom causes such events to take place, is little short of presumption. Men are so strictly wedded to their own opinions, as to persuade themselves, that these opinions are as much cherished and favoured by God, as by themselves. But the events which followed, showed, that after the death of these two persons their doctrines made still greater progress in the reformed cantons than before; *a manifest proof* that it proceeded from a higher cause, than the work of Zuinglius."

Sidmouth.

B.

 SKETCH OF SIR WILLIAM JONES.

[From Pennant's View of Hindoostan.]

THE British nation hath carried to these distant realms its love of literature. On January 15th, 1784, the Asiatic Society was formed in this city (Calcutta) under the presidentship of Sir William Jones, Knight, one of the puisne judges of the court of judicature. As we have a distant claim to that gentleman as a countryman, a descendant of the ancient Britons, I must indulge an honest pride in giving the proof.

His father, William Jones, was born, as some say, in the year 1675, in Anglesey. Sir William used to say it was in 1680. By his second wife he had two children, Sir William, and a daughter now living. His education

was at a common school in the parish of Llanfechell. It must have been by strength of natural genius that he acquired that science that afterwards rendered him so eminent. It could not have been from little parish schools in those days in Anglesey that he could reap any such advantages. He became the most able mathematician of his time, and taught that science under the patronage of Sir Isaac Newton, which he obtained by publishing, when only twenty-six years of age, the *Synopsis Palmariorum Matheseos*. This disproves the common report of his coming to London for the first time in 1714, with the family of Lord Bulkeley. He became so distinguished by his knowledge in various branches of science, as to be admitted a member of the Royal Society, and to have died one of the vice presidents in 1749.

Sir William, that glory to his name, was born only three years before that event took place. I must lament that it is from a foreign paper I must take the few anecdotes of his life. From the Madras Courier I learn that he was educated at Harrow School. He was removed to University College, Oxford, of which I think he became a fellow. In 1769 he had the happiness of accompanying the present Earl Spencer in his travels in France, and resided some time at Nice. He no sooner stepped into public but he became eminent in almost every branch of science. His great faculty in attaining the languages was amazingly fortunate. The oriental were those which engaged him most. If I can acquire a list of his works, I shall lay them before the reader in the appendix *. In 1783 he was appointed one of the judges at Calcutta, and received the honour of knighthood. His literary labours in India were amazing, considering his rigid attention to the duty of his office.

On the 27th of April, 1794, it pleased heaven to deprive the world of this ornament to human nature. I

* No list of his works appeared in an Appendix, but his works have been since handsomely published in quarto.—*Ed.*

had the honour of once exchanging a letter with this dignified personage. My acquaintance did not extend farther. Where there is a general consent of opinion to hear evidence to his excellent qualities, I may venture to transcribe the following eulogy without fear of giving a character exaggerated by partiality.

“Endowed,” says his panegyrist, “with a mind of extraordinary vigour, Sir William Jones, by unwearied industry, aided by superior genius, successfully explored the hidden sources of oriental science and literature, and his attainments in this interesting branch of learning were such as to place him far beyond all competition, the most eminent oriental scholar in this, or perhaps, in any other age. In his public character, the labour he afforded in the dispatch of business, the clearness of his discernment, and his legal abilities, well qualified him for one of the guardians of the laws and the rights of his fellow citizens. As a scholar, his name is known wherever literature is cultivated. In private life he was companionable; mild, gentle, and amiable in his manners, and his conversation rich and energetic. In fine, in all the relations of an high administrator of justice, a scholar, a friend, a companion, and an husband—he left behind him an example rarely to be paralleled!”

Let me finish with saying, that his beatitude commenced at the early age of *forty-four*. His end could never be styled premature.

“For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years.

But wisdom is the grey hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age.

He pleased God, and was beloved of him, so that living amongst sinners, he was translated.

He being made perfect in a short time, fulfilled a long time.

For his soul pleased the Lord, therefore hastened he to take him away from among the wicked.

THE DRAMA.

HAY MARKET THEATRE.

AUG. 14. **A** NEW comic opera made its appearance, called *WHAT A BLUNDER!* by Mr. Holman, who was, on this occasion, favoured with a candid attention.

Of the fable, scenes, and incidents of this piece we cannot say much—but the character of *Alphonso* creates an interest, and produced no small impression. The leading feature of the story is, that *Dashington*, a young English officer, having been driven one stormy night to take shelter at an inn in Spain, is rather too communicative of the partiality a young lady had for him, and (*what a blunder!*) calling her by her sister's name, to whom Alphonso was married, the fiery Spaniard attacked him, left him for dead, then fled, and devoted himself to misanthropy.

Of the acting, Mr. Holman is the first in his claim to praise; his person, his voice, and the spirited feeling manner in which he personated *Alphonso*, made a most powerful impression on the auditors. Fawcett, as usual, was all life, and the part of *Dashington* in every shape was highly pleasing. Mrs. Mountain sung charmingly. The music of the piece was pretty, and had many original movements. We subjoin a specimen of the poetry.

SONG. MRS. MOUNTAIN.

The hope which animates my heart
 And makes me every fear dismiss,
 Deceitful joy can ne'er impart;
 No, 'tis the harbinger of bliss.

So, when at eve, in tints of gold
 The radiant clouds adorn the skies;
 They then prepare us to behold
 The morrow's sun in splendour rise!

Yes; I'll indulge the dear belief,
 That happy morrows are in store,
 And trust that voice which tells me grief
 Shall never haunt my bosom more.

This opera was announced for representation on the ensuing evening with considerable marks of approbation.

BIRMINGHAM THEATRE.

MR. and Mrs. Pope have been performing here for some time, but the house, in general, has been thinly attended. *LOVER'S VOWS* has been gotten up with considerable spirit and pathos. Mr. Pope's *Frederick* gave great satisfaction, particularly in the interview with the baron, his father, where the force of his gesture, so admirably adapted to the declamatory, together with the energy of his expression, was felt by every heart, and acknowledged by every eye. Mr. Harley played *Baron Wildenhaim* with considerable effect, and pourtrayed in strong colours the restlessness of a guilty mind.

Mr. Lewis in *Count Cassel*, Mr. Noble in the *Poetical Butler*, and Mr. Egerton in the *Cottager*, are severally entitled to our approbation.

Mr. Halpin is not merely a bad performer; he is *something worse*. We were told, and *sad forebodings shook us when we heard it*, that he performed the part of *Anhalt*. As a performer, we "ne'er should wish to look upon his like again." His melancholy phiz, his aukward and unmeaning gesture, together with the frigidity of his expression, was a most miserable contrast to the fascinating performance of Mrs. Pope in *Amelia Wildenhaim*. Mrs. Litchfield contributed much to our entertainment; her performance of *Agatha Friburg*, was forcibly felt, and did equal credit to her understanding and her heart. The flexion of her voice was well adapted to the pathetic character

she sustined; her expression was chaste and distinct, and her pronounciation audible and accurate. To us, the female never appears in such interesting colours, as when a wife and a mother; and here we cannot help lamenting, that, after having our hearts expanded with sympathy and benevolence, and our finest feelings awakened into action, they should so rudely be chased away by the buffoonery of farce.

The after-piece was the POOR SOLDIER, in which, Mrs. Litchfield again appeared in the character of *Patrick*, and convinced us her powers were not confined to tragical representation. The audience was perfectly satisfied with her exertions, and repaid her by distinguished applause. A Mr. Davies in *Captain-Fitzroy*, and Miss Arne in *Norah*, appeared in the after-piece. Mr. Davies, as an actor, is an insult to the public understanding. He has not one requisite for the profession; his voice is dissonance itself, and his face, as the satirist says, is as expressive as a toasted muffin. We forbear to point out particularities; he has kicked up the heels of criticism.

Miss Arne is very well as a singer, but the melody of her voice does not compensate for the awkwardness of her gait, the tameness of her gesture, and the inelegance of her dress. Her pronounciation is vulgar, and her mode of expression uniformly dull and dispassionate; she wants animation; there is a drowsiness about her that is catching, and gives us an unconquerable inclination to doze. She will excuse the freedom of these remarks—a partiality for the sex must not lead us into weakness. It is not sufficient for public performers that they do not *offend*; this is negative excellence. The *theatre* was not designed to be a dormitory, but a rational place of amusement, that combined all that could please the eye, delight the ear, and amuse the heart.

THE
PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR AUGUST, 1800.

POESY.

A RHAPSODY.

○ THOU, who in purpureal bowers
Of amaranth enthron'd sublime,
Joyous wing'st the circling hours,
Chanting wild thy magic rhyme !
Hail poesy ! whose soft controul
In' pleasing chains enthral's the soul ;
Fairest of forms, to whom 'tis given
To range the starry courts of heaven ;
Twinborn with'her*, who from the warbling shell
Bids thrilling tones unnumber'd swell :
To thee, to thee, sweet poesy !
Fancy's airy hosts belong ;
To thee the powers of harmony,
The liquid lapse of song !
To thee Cecropia's sons of old,
Fraught with more than earthly madness,
Duteous rais'd the hymn of gladness,
And through Campanian realms thy strains symphonic
roll'd !

Lynn.

W. CASE, JUN.

* The goddess of Music.

*To the Reverend Mr. E——, on his Marriage,
Tuesday, August 25, 1795.*

INSPIRE me, muse, to breathe a strain,
Soft as the dew, or gentle rain,
To hail th' auspicious day ;
When E—— was by soft love subdu'd,
And Hymen kind, refin'd and good,
To rapture led the way.

No more the pause from rigid thought,
With adventitious joy is fraught,
Perpetual bliss you'll know ;
For when in bands connubial join'd,
According tempers, minds divine,
'Tis heav'n here below.

O ! by your sweet examples mild,
Teach ev'ry youth, of manners wild,
That marriage has no chains ;—
No keen remorse, with scorpion stings,
Close to the honest bosom clings,
No disappointment pains.

Ah ! who can speak the bliss sublime,
Together as the hill you climb
Of life—with hands intwin'd ;—
Disease may throw his baleful dart,
And wound, tho' not depress the heart,
To providence resign'd.

And soothed by endearments sweet,
Pale care will crouch beneath your feet,
Misfortune flit away ;
Domestic joys will never sear,
But blooming prove through all the year,
And endless charms display.

And when the vernal season's fled,
And age's hoary honours spread
Around your brows rever'd ;
O may your breasts no winter know,
But e'er with love and friendship glow,
The more by time endear'd !

SONNETS.

BY. S. WELLS.

TIME has not torn the roses from thy cheek
 Eliza! nor yet dim'd the sparkling eye:
 Time has not whiten'd o'er with silver die
 Thy auburn tresses—nor as yet we seek
 In *thee* the furrow'd brow—thou still can'st speak
 In accents soft—and yet I heave a sigh,
 Well knowing thou art chang'd; alas! the meek
 And gentle look is seen no more, for high
 Form'd visions now engross thy alter'd mind,
 And I but live to curse the wretched lot,
 Which tore thee weeping from our lovely cot,
 In fashion's vortex better scenes to find;
 Eliza! may that hour propitious prove
 To *thee*—forgetting not that *we* did love.

WRITTEN NEAR AMWELL GARDENS.

A GAIN each flower rears its drooping head,
 Again the “wood walk winds,” the place
 Resumes its native hue—once more we trace
 The genius of the lov'd poet dead.
 Do *thou*, who now within his footsteps tread,
 Whose pleasing task it is to fill the place
 Of *him*, who with such honour run the race
 Of life—remember that his virtues shed
 A brilliant lustre round, and that his heart
 Was full of Christian love, for from his door
 In anguish seldom turn'd the sad or poor,
 If peace and comfort he cou'd e'er impart;
 And may it ne'er be *thy* ill-fated lot,
 To know his precepts bland by *thee* forgot.

PALE roamer of the midnight hour! when blow
 The cutting winds and beat the pouring rain,
 Then I bethink on *thee* and all the pain
 You oft endure; 'tis seldom thine to know
 The look benignant, and but few bestow
 The gentle smile which timely might restrain
 Thy course licentious: thus from care and woe
 (With insults vile) proceed thy hard earn'd gain,
 Pale roamer! when I view thy haggard look,
 Thy blue and quiv'ring lip and sunken eye,
 Hear thee accost each stranger passing by
 In accents wild, to him who thus forsook
Thee in the hour of need, my heart has turn'd,
 And with a curse his unknown form I've spurn'd.

TO MISS HOLDEN,

ON HER PRESENTING COLOURS TO THE MARCH ASSO-
 CIATION, 29TH MAY, 1800,

FAIR patriot, of your lov'd native isle!
 How it must glad each hero's anxious breast
 To know that you have deign'd (among the rest)
 To cheer with approbation and the smile
 Of undissembled joy their martial toil!
 Kind was the act! and much the corps were blest
 When unfurl'd the loyal stand, the while
 Urging to deeds of valour, as the test
 Of virtue and of men—heart honour'd maid!
 And may they ne'er forget to estimate
 The gift now valu'd at its proper rate,
 Or tarnish the bright colours with a shade.
 Soldiers! should warfare call you to the field,
 Bethink on *her*, and ne'er those banners yield.

Heriford, 1800.

A FRAGMENT.

TIME—*Moonlight.*

HAIL, beauteous planet! oh! how sweet to mark
 Thy silvery beams illumine the floating clouds;
 And as I pensive stray these wilds among,
 My soul thy mild serenity-partakes,
 And owns the influence of thy genial sway.
 The passing clouds, that veil yon high expanse
 With stars bespangl'd, give me more delight
 Than all the boasted monuments of art.
 Mark thro' the foliage of yon poplar grove
 Thy gentle rays steal softly o'er the vale,
 And the mute landscape deck with shadowy tint!
 At this still hour, how pleasant 'tis to hear
 The distant church-bells ring—how loud the sounds
 Swell o'er the heath, and break upon mine ear.
 But now the murmurs die upon the breeze,
 And all is silent as the hour of death,
 Save the faint echo of my wandering steps.

Laytonstone,
 July 18th, 1800.

SANCHO.

AN ANACREONTIC.

COME, O wine! thou rosy charm,
 Thou who dost dull care disarm;
 Thou, whose ever potent sway,
 Gains fresh vot'ries ev'ry day;
 Come, my drooping spirits raise,
 Still my song shall be thy praise;
 Bring thy laughter-loving train,
 Drive false love from out my brain;
 He is fickle as the wind—
 Thou art constant, ever kind.
 Be my brows with ivy crown'd,
 Let the mantling juice go round;

Juice the gods might love to sip,
 Sweeter than the corall'd lip,
 Drink to ev'ry social friend,
 These are joys which far transcend
 All that poets feign of love
 That's only present with the dove.
 Off I've strove to break my chain,
 Still love conquer'd rais'd my pain—
 Love exclaim'd—" I have you fast,
 " And ever shall your bondage last ;"
 Yet spite of all his wiles I'm free—
 To wine I owe my liberty :
 Never more the fickle sex
 Shall my peace of mind perplex.

June 14th, 1800

J. C. L.

THE MOUNTAIN.

(From Southey's Travels into Spain.)

FATIGUED, and faint with many a step and slow,
 This lofty mountain's pathless side I climb,
 Whose head, high-towering o'er the waste sublime,
 Bounded my distant vision. Far below
 Yon docile beasts plod patient on their way,
 Circling the long ascent. I pause, and now,
 On this smooth rock my languid limbs I lay,
 And taste the grateful breeze, and from my brow
 Wipe the big dews of toil. Oh! what a sweep
 Of landscape lies beneath me! hills on hills,
 And rock-piled plains, and vallies bosom'd deep,
 And ocean's dim immensity that fills
 The ample gaze. Yonder is that huge height
 Where stands the holy convent; and below
 Lies the fair glen whose broken waters flow,
 Making such pleasant murmurs as delight
 The lingering traveller's ear. Thus, on my road
 Most sweet it is to rest me, and survey
 The goodly prospect of the journey'd way,
 And think of all the pleasures it bestow'd :

Not that the pleasant scenes are past, distress'd,
 But looking joyful on to that abode
 Where peace and love await me : Oh ! most dear !
 Even so when age's wintry hour shall come,
 We shall look back on many a well-spent year,
 Not grieving at the irrevocable doom
 Of mortal man, or sad, that the cold tomb
 Must shrine our common relics, but most blest
 In holy hope of our ETERNAL home,

CHRISTMAS DAY.

(From Southey's Travels into Spain.)

HOW many a heart is happy at this hour
 In England ! brightly o'er the cheerful hall
 Beams the heap'd hearth, and friends and kindred meet ;
 And the glad mother round her festive board
 Beholds her children, separated long
 Amid the world's wide way, assembled now,
 And at the sight affection lightens up
 With smiles the eye that age has long bedimm'd.
 I do remember, when I was a child,
 How my young heart, a stranger then to care,
 With transport leapt upon this holy day
 As o'er the house, all gay with ever-greens,
 From friend to friend with eager speed I ran,
 Bidding a merry Christmas to them all.
 Those years are past : their pleasures and their pains
 Are now, like yonder convent crested-hill
 That bounds the distant prospect, dimly seen,
 Yet pictur'd upon memory's mystic glass
 In faint fair hues. A weary traveller now
 I journey o'er the desert mountain track
 Of Leon : wilds all drear and comfortless,
 Where the grey lizards in the noon-tide sun
 Sport on their rocks, and where the goat-herd starts,
 Roused from his midnight sleep, and shakes to hear
 The wolf's loud yell, and falters as he calls
 On saints to save. Hence of the friends I think,
 Who now, perchance, remember me, and pour

The glass of votive friendship. At the name,
 Will not thy cheek, beloved! wear the hue
 Of love! and in mine EDITH's eye the tear
 Tremble? I will not wish thee not to weep;
 There is strange pleasure in affection's tears;
 And he who knows not what it is to wake
 And weep at midnight is an instrument
 Of nature's common work. Yes!—think of me,
 My EDITH! think, that travelling far away
 I do beguile the long and lonely hours
 With many a day-dream, picturing scenes as fair
 Of peace and comfort, and domestic joys,
 As ever to the youthful poet's eye
 Creative fancy fashioned. Think of me,
 My EDITH! absent from thee, in a land
 Of strangers! and remember, when thy heart
 Heaves with the sigh of sorrow, what delights
 Await the moment when the eager voice
 Of welcome shall that sorrow over-pay.

INSCRIPTION FOR A COLUMN AT TRUXILLO,
 IN SPAIN.

(BY SOUTHEY.)

PIZARRO here was born: a greater name
 The list of glory boasts not. Toil, and want,
 And danger never from his course deterr'd
 This daring soldier: many a fight he won;
 He slaughter'd thousands; he subdued a rich
 And ample realm; such were PIZARRO's deeds;
 And wealth, and power, and fame, were his rewards
 Among mankind! There is another world!
 Oh Reader! If you earn your daily bread
 By daily labour; if your lot be low,
 And hard and wretched, thank the gracious GOD
 Who made you, that you are not *such* as HE!

ODE, BY SOUTHEY.

(From Travels into Spain.)

WHEN at morn the muleteer
 With early call announces day,
 Sorrowing that early call I hear,
 That scares the visions of delight away.
 For dear to me the silent hour
 When sleep exerts her wizard power;
 For busy fancy then let free,
 Borne on the wings of hope, my EDITH, flies to thee.
 When the slant sun-beams crest
 The mountain's shadowy breast,
 When on the upland slope
 Shines the green myrtle wet with morning dew,
 And lovely as the youthful dreams of hope,
 The dim-seen landscape open on the view,
 I gaze around with raptur'd eyes,
 On Nature's charms, where no illusion lies,
 And drop the joy and memory mingled tear,
 And sigh to think that EDITH is not here.
 At the cool hour of even,
 When all is calm and still,
 And o'er the western hill
 A richer radiance robes the mellow'd heaven;
 Absorb'd in darkness thence,
 When slowly fades in night
 The dim-decaying light:
 Like the bright day dreams of benevolence,
 Fatigued, and sad, and slow,
 Along my lonely way I go,
 And muse upon the distant day,
 And sigh, remembering EDITH far away,
 When late arriving at our inn of rest,
 Whose roof exposed to many a winter sky,
 Half shelters from the wind the shivering guest;
 By the pale lamp's dreary gloom,
 I mark the miserable room,
 And gaze with angry eye,
 On the hard lot of honest poverty:

And sickening at the monster brood
 Who fill with wretchedness a world so good
 Wish sepulchred in some excluded glen,
 To dwell with PEACE and EDITH far from men.

THE REPLY.

YOU ask'd me, Bella, "What is love?
 Why 'tis a pow'r from Heav'n above:
 'Tis something that excites within,
 By pedants construed into sin,
 An unextinguishable fire,
 Refining ev'ry rude desire,
 Which beauty will the most inspire. }
 Most paradoxical in kind,
 It pleases while it racks the mind:
 In lightning thro' our eyes it breaks, }
 Glows in deep blushes o'er our cheeks, }
 And in our looks and actions speaks; }
 A passion which we oft conceal, }
 A passion we would fain reveal, }
 Which none but lovers ever feel. }
 Love, youthful poets have confest
 The ruling passion of the breast,
 By all enjoy'd, by none express'd, }
 Its empire holds o'er ev'ry part,
 And sits enthron'd within the heart,
 Daring dangers, fearing no man
 Invincible to all but—worn an.
 We feel it throb at ev'ry kiss,
 And own it is the source of bliss.
 Now I've told you all I can,
 Except that he's the happiest man,
 Who'll have it in his power to prove
 The strength of Isabella's love.

THE HAUNTED BEACH.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

UPON a lonely desert beach,
Where the white foam was scatter'd,
A little shed uprear'd its head,
Tho' lofty barks were shatter'd!
The sea-weeds gath'ring near the door,
A sombre path display'd,
And, all around, the deaf'ning roar
Re-echo'd on the chalky shore—
By the green billows made.

Above a jutting cliff was seen,
Where sea-birds hover'd, craving,
And all around, the crags were bound
With weeds, for ever waving;
And here and there, a cavern wide
Its shadowy jaws display'd,
And near the sand, at ebb of tide,
A shatter'd mast was seen to ride,
Where the green billows stray'd.

And often while the moaning wind
Stole o'er the summer ocean;
The moonlight scene was all serene—
The waters scarce in motion.

Then while the smoothly slanting sand
The tall cliff wrapp'd in shade,
The Fisherman beheld a band
Of spectres, gliding, hand in hand—
Where the green billows play'd!

And pale their faces were, as snow!
And sullenly they wander'd!
And to the skies, with hollow eyes,
They look'd, as tho' they ponder'd!
And sometimes, from their hamnock shroud,
They dismal howlings made!
And while the blast blew strong and loud,
The clear moon mark'd the ghastly crowd—
Where the green billows play'd.

And then above the haunted hut,
The curlews, screaming, hover'd;
And the low door, with furious roar,
The frothy breakers cover'd.

For, in the fisherman's lone shed,
A murder'd man was laid,
With ten wide gashes on his head,
And deep was made the sandy bed,
Where the green billows play'd!

The spectre band, his messmates bold,
Sunk in the yawning ocean;
While to the mast, he lash'd him fast,
And brav'd the storm's commotion!
The winter moon upon the sand
A silv'ry carpet made,
And mark'd the sailor reach the land—
And mark'd his murd'rer wash his hand,
Where the green billows play'd!

And since that hour the fisherman
Has toil'd, and toil'd in vain!
For all the night, the moony light
Gleams on the spectred main!
And when the skies are veil'd in gloom,
The murd'rer's liquid way,
Bounds o'er the deeply yawning tomb,
And flashing fires the sands illum—
Where the green billows play.

Full thirty years his task has grown,
Day after day, more weary;
For Heav'n design'd his guilty mind
Should feed on prospects dreary!
Bound by a strong and mystic chain,
He has not power to stray,
But destin'd mis'ry to sustain,
He wastes in solitude and pain,
A loathsome life away!

Literary Review.

Literary and Characteristical Lives of John Gregory, M. D. Henry Home Lord Kames, David Hume, Esq. and Adam Smith, LL. D.; to which are added a Dissertation on Public Spirit, and Three Essays by the late William Smellie, Member of the Antiquarian and Royal Societies of Edinburgh.
Cadell.

FRIENDLY to biography at all times and on all occasions, we welcome every publication of the kind that is calculated to yield us any gratification. We have here a group of illustrious Scotch characters, and with the particulars detailed respecting their rise and progress in the republic of letters we have been very well entertained.

Dr. JOHN GREGORY was born at Aberdeen, 1724, and died at Edinburgh in the year 1773. He was the author of many valuable publications, especially *A Father's Legacy to his Daughters*, a work which has been much admired by the ladies, and indeed has acquired a distinguished popularity. Mr. Smellie has given an able and entertaining analysis of it; we shall insert it, notwithstanding its length, for we *know* that it will amuse and instruct our fair readers:

“ Soon after the death of his wife, and, as he tells us himself, for the amusement of his leisure-hours, he composed that ingenious and amiable little work, entitled, *A Father's Legacy to his Daughters*, which was published after the death of the

author. From this treatise it is apparent, that Dr. Gregory had perused Rousseau's system of education; for from that work he has adopted whatever appeared to him to be valuable. But, in the character of Sophia, and in the plan of her education, he perceived both imperfections and absurdities. The business of the French philosopher was to paint imaginary or romantic characters. But the only aim of our author was to deliver to his daughters, in the language of prudence and parental affection, such precepts as he thought would be most conducive to their honour and happiness, and to mark those virtues and accomplishments which would make them both amiable and respectable to the worthiest part of the other sex. To him religion appeared to be of essential service to females as a great support in personal distress, as a consolation under family misfortunes, and a salutary restraint against extravagance and dissipation. With regard to books written upon religious subjects, he judiciously recommends those only which are addressed to the heart, and which have a tendency to inspire devout affections; and he cautions the female mind against the bigotry of system and the hurtful wranglings of controversy. He considers the external forms of religion as of a nature so subordinate, when compared to its essential principles, that, when the latter agree, he regarded all choice in the former as a matter of perfect indifference. He himself preferred the forms of the church of Scotland; but, to his daughters, he recommended the worship of the church of England, to which their mother was attached.

“The *graces*, in Lord Chesterfield's plan of education, are made superior to every virtue, and indeed to every good talent that can adorn human nature. To these Dr. Gregory gives their proper importance in female accomplishments; but he considers them as subordinate to moral excellence. He recommends delicacy of sentiment as the parent of delicacy of manner, and a feeling heart as the genuine source of true politeness.

“After making some other pertinent remarks on the important topic of religion, Dr. Gregory proceeds to advise his daughters with regard to their *conduct and behaviour*. In his estimation, ‘one of the chief beauties in a female character is that modest reserve, that retiring delicacy, which avoids the public eye, and is disconcerted even at the gaze of admira-

tion.—I would not wish you to be insensible of applause. If you were, you must become, if not worse, at least less amiable women.' When young women cease to blush, they have lost the most powerful charm of beauty. The extreme sensibility indicated by blushing may be a weakness when exhibited by men; but, in the female sex, it is highly engaging. Blushing is so far from being a necessary attendant on guilt, that it is usually the companion of innocence. Modesty naturally disposes young women to be rather silent in large companies. But people of sense never mistake this silence for dulness or ignorance. A person may take a share in conversation without uttering one word, as may easily be perceived by the expressions displayed in the countenance.

“Females cannot be possessed of a more dangerous talent than wit. It should be managed with great discretion, otherwise it creates many enemies. Wit is perfectly consistent with softness and delicacy, but they are seldom united. Wit flatters vanity to such a degree, that the possessors often become intoxicated, and lose the command of themselves. Humour is of a different nature. The company of humourists is much courted; but it should be cautiously indulged. Humour is often a great enemy to delicacy, and a still greater one to dignity of character. It may sometimes procure applause, but never respect. ‘Be even cautious,’ says Dr. Gregory, ‘in displaying your good sense. It will be thought you assume a superiority over the rest of the company. But, if you happen to have any learning, keep it a profound secret, especially from the men, who generally look with a jealous and malignant eye on a woman of great parts and a cultivated understanding.’ Men of genius and candour are superior to such weak and even mean ideas. But such characters are seldom to be met with. If by accident men of this description should come into your company, show no anxiety to unfold the full extent of your knowledge. They will soon discover it themselves; and, if you possess any advantages of person or manner, they will not fail to give you ample credit. The great art of pleasing in conversation is to make the company pleased with themselves.

“The Doctor next cautions them to beware of calumny and detraction. Women are generally accused of being ad-

dicted to this vice, though perhaps unjustly. He recommends particular attention not to injure the characters of other women, especially if they are thought to be rivals. He desires them to consider every species of indelicacy in conversation as not only shameful in itself, but highly disgusting to the men. Virgin purity is of so delicate a nature, that any loose conversation cannot be heard without a certain degree of contamination. No man but a fool will insult a woman with conversation which he perceives is disagreeable to her, nor will he dare to proceed, if she resents the injury with proper spirit. There is a dignity in conscious virtue, which repels the most shameless and abandoned of men. The notion, that a woman may allow all innocent freedom, provided her virtue is retained, is both grossly indelicate and dangerous, and, to many, has been completely fatal.

“The Doctor concludes this section with the following judicious remarks: ‘You may perhaps think, that I want to throw every spark of nature out of your composition, and to make you entirely artificial. Far from it. I wish you to possess the most perfect simplicity of heart and manners. I think you may possess dignity without pride, affability without meanness, and simple elegance without affectation.’

“Dr. Gregory, in this little work, next treats of *amusements*. He properly remarks, that every period of life has amusements peculiar to itself. Some of those highly promote health, as various kinds of exercise; others are connected with more diffusive usefulness, as different kinds of women’s work, and the domestic cares of a family: some are elegant accomplishments, as dress, dancing, music, and drawing. Such books as tend to improve the understanding and to cultivate the heart, may be regarded in a higher point of view than as mere amusements. But the Doctor confesses that he is at a loss to mention what particular books he should recommend to the perusal of his daughters. He mentions the utility of reading history, or the cultivating any art or science to which their genius or inclination may lead them. He recommends to them the study of nature, as affording an infinite variety of useful and agreeable entertainment.

“In females, an attention to dress is an important article. The love of ornament and dress is natural, and therefore pro-

per and rational. The expense of dress should be uniformly regulated by extent of fortune, and other circumstances. The charms of a fine woman are exhibited to the greatest advantage when she apparently conceals them. The most perfect elegance of dress has always the appearance of being the most natural. But women should not confine their dress to public exhibitions. They ought to accustom themselves to an habitual neatness, that in their most careless undress, in their most unguarded hours, they may have no reason to be ashamed of their appearance. Women seldom think, that men regard their dress as expressive of their taste and characters. In dress, vanity, levity, slovenliness, and folly, conspicuously appear. An elegant simplicity indicates both taste and delicacy of sentiment.

“ ‘ In *dancing*,’ Dr. Gregory remarks, ‘ the principal points you are to attend to are ease and grace. I would have you to dance with spirit; but never allow yourselves to be so far transported with mirth, as to forget the delicacy of your sex. Many a girl, dancing in the gaiety and innocence of her heart, is thought to discover a spirit she little dreams of.’ ”

“ With regard to the *theatre*, Dr. Gregory considers it as affording great pleasure to every person of sentiment or humour. But he regrets, that few English comedies can be represented before ladies without shocking their delicacy. On such occasions, men make very unfavourable remarks on the behaviour of the ladies. Virtuous girls often hear indelicate expressions and allusions with unembarrassed countenances, because, in fact, they seldom understand the meaning intended to be conveyed. A girl often laughs, with all the simplicity of innocence, merely because she is infected by the laughing of other people.

“ It is unnecessary, in Dr. Gregory’s estimation, to say much about *gaming*; because it is not a prevalent practice among the ladies of this country. It is both a ruinous and an incurable vice; and, as it cherishes all the selfish and turbulent passions, is peculiarly odious in the female sex. In this, and in all important points of conduct, women ought to show a determined steadiness and resolution, which are by no means inconsistent with an amiable gentleness of character. On the contrary, they give that spirit to a mild and sweet disposi-

tion, without which it is in danger of degenerating into insipidity.

“ After discussing the subject of amusements, Dr. Gregory treats of *friendship, love, and marriage*. He observes, that the luxury and dissipation which prevail in genteel life, corrupt the heart in many ways: and they, in a peculiar manner, render it almost incapable of a warm and steady friendship. A proper choice of friends is of the highest consequence; as their advice and assistance are frequently necessary. Even the mere gratification of friendship affords the greatest pleasure to an ingenuous mind. In the choice of friends, a principal regard should be had to fidelity and goodness of heart. If they are, at the same time, endued with taste and genius, these will render them still more useful and agreeable companions. After the acquisition of friends, they should unbosom themselves to each other with the most unbounded confidence. An open temper, when restrained by moderate prudence, makes mankind happier than a cold and suspicious reservedness. But, however open young women may be when they talk of their own affairs, they should never disclose the secrets of one friend to another, especially where love is concerned. To a female friend, the heart may be opened; but her honour and secrecy ought to be such as may be implicitly relied on. Let her not be a married woman, particularly if she and her husband live happily together; for, there are certain unguarded moments, in which a woman in that situation, though one of the worthiest of her sex, may unfold secrets to her husband, which she would by no means do to any other person; nor will a husband feel himself under the same obligation to keep a secret of this kind with which he was not originally entrusted. ‘ If your brothers,’ Dr. Gregory remarks, ‘ should have the good fortune to have hearts susceptible of friendship, to possess truth, honour, sense, and delicacy of sentiment, they are the fittest and most unexceptionable confidants. By placing confidence in them, you will receive every advantage which you could hope for from the friendship of men, without any of the inconveniencies that attend such connections with our sex.’

“ Dr. Gregory recommends to his daughters never to make confidants of their servants. Dignity, when not properly un-

derstood, readily degenerates into pride, which admits of no friendship, because it suffers no equal, and is so intoxicated with flattery, as willingly to receive it even from servants and dependents. Hence the most intimate confidants of the proud are valets and waiting women. He advises his daughters to show the utmost humanity to servants, and make their situation as comfortable as possible, but never to make them confidants; for such a conduct both debases the mistress and spoils the servants. The temper and dispositions of females make them more readily and warmly contract friendships than men. Their natural propensity to it is so strong, that they often form rash intimacies, of which they have soon reason to repent; and this is one reason why their friendships are so short and fluctuating. To this may be added the great clashing of their interests in the pursuits of love, ambition, or vanity. There is a weakness which is peculiarly apparent in vain women, and ought to be carefully avoided: They conceive every man to be a lover who takes particular notice of them, though, perhaps, such an idea never entered his brain. Among women, it is a prudent maxim, That symptoms of love should not be first exhibited by them, but ought to be the consequence of men's previous and evident attachment.

“ Nature has not bestowed on women such an unlimited choice as men enjoy. But she has wisely assigned to them a greater flexibility of taste in this most important business. A man of taste and of delicacy, marries a woman because he loves her. A woman of equal taste and delicacy receives his addresses because she esteems him, and because he gives her that preference to others. If a man be so unfortunate as to become enamoured of a woman whose heart is pre-engaged, his attachment, instead of meeting with a favourable return, is perfectly offensive; and, if he persists, he renders himself both the object of her scorn and aversion.

“ Among men, the effects of love are greatly diversified by their different tempers. An artful man may counterfeit every one of them, and easily deceive a young woman of an open and feeling heart, unless she be extremely cautious. In such girls, the finest parts are not always sufficient for their security. The dark and crooked paths of cunning are inscrutable, and not to be conceived by an honourable mind.

Among men, the most genuine effects of real affection to women are very difficult to be counterfeited. Men of delicacy often discover their passion by too great anxiety to conceal it, especially when their hopes of success are not great. Real love renders a man not only respectful, but even timid, in his behaviour to the woman whom he adores. To conceal his awe, he may sometimes affect pleasantry, but he soon relapses into his former seriousness. His imagination magnifies all her genuine qualities; and he is either blind to her imperfections, or regards them as beauties. Like persons who are conscious of guilt, he thinks that every eye observes the situation of his mind. To avoid this disagreeable feeling, he shuns all the little attentions of common gallantry. His attachment will improve both his heart and his character. His manners will be rendered more gentle, and his conversation more agreeable. But, in the company of his mistress, diffidence and embarrassment will give him always a disadvantageous appearance.

“ In the same sensible strain, the Doctor advises his daughters, when the marks of affection above described are apparent, and the gentleman’s attachment is agreeable, to follow nature, good sense, and delicacy. If the love be reciprocal, never discover the full extent of your regard. Marriage sufficiently marks your preference. A woman may justifiably play the coquet, when a man purposely declines to make his addresses till he thinks he has insured her consent. A most despicable vanity is the only motive of such a conduct. It is of great importance to distinguish whether a gentleman delays to discover his intention explicitly from the motive just mentioned, or from a diffidence created by a real attachment. In the one case, he deserves to be treated with contempt; in the other, he should be used with tenderness, and, as soon as possible, be informed that his addresses cannot be favourably received. Women of superior taste and sense sometimes employ the most artful coquetry to engage the affections of a man whom both themselves and the world esteem, though they are determined never to marry him. But they are amused by his conversation, and his attachment is a high gratification to their vanity. A woman of sense has it always in her power, if she cannot give him her affections, to convert a disappointed lover into a steady friend. If she

explains herself to him with a generous freedom, he must feel the stroke as a man; but he will also bear it as a man.

“Male coquetry, though rare in this country, is more inexcusable, as well as more pernicious than female. Few men take the trouble of gaining a woman’s affections, unless they have views either of an honourable or dishonourable nature. That ambiguity of behaviour, which keeps people in suspense, is the great secret of coquetry in both males and females.

“From motives of propriety, Dr. Gregory declines pointing out to his daughters what particular persons he would have them to marry; but, with great confidence and affection, describes characters which they ought not to marry. He advises them to avoid a companion who may entail any hereditary disease on their posterity, and particularly madness, that most horrible of all human calamities. Neither marry a fool; for he is the most untractable of all animals. He is entirely governed by caprice and passion, and is incapable of listening to the voice of reason. But, the worst circumstance attending a fool is his perpetual jealousy, lest his wife should be thought to govern him; and he is constantly doing absurd and disagreeable things, merely to shew that he dares do them. Never marry a rake: He is always a suspicious husband; because he has associated with the most worthless women only. He likewise often entails on his wife and children the worst of diseases.

“Dr. Gregory likewise advises his daughters, if they have a sense of religion themselves, not to think of husbands who have none. If they happen to be weak men, they will continually tease and vex you about your religious principles. If you have children, you will suffer the greatest distress, by seeing all your endeavours to form their minds to virtue and piety, all your efforts to secure their present and future happiness, abortive and turned into ridicule.

“The Doctor concludes this small but valuable tract in the following manner: ‘I have thus given you my opinion on some of the most important articles of your future life, chiefly calculated for that period when you are just entering the world. I have endeavoured to avoid some peculiarities of opinion, which, from their contradiction to the general

practice of the world, I might reasonably have suspected were not so well founded. But, in writing to you, I am afraid my heart has been too full, and too warmly interested, to allow me to keep this resolution. This may have produced some embarrassment, and some seeming contradictions. What I have written has been the amusement of some solitary hours, and has served to divert some melancholy reflections.—I am conscious I undertook a task to which I was very unequal; but I have discharged a part of my duty.—You will at least be pleased with it, as the last mark of your father's love and attention'."

LORD KAMES was born 1696, died 1782. His *Elements of Criticism*, and *Sketches of Man*, were his two best productions. DAVID HUME was born 1711, died 1776. His *Essays*, and his *History of England*, (designed to apologize for the Stuarts) have obtained great celebrity. His works are to be read with caution, for they are tinged, in no small degree, with a spirit of infidelity. ADAM SMITH was born 1723, and died 1790. *The Theory of Moral Sentiments*, and *The Wealth of Nations*, will not fail to convey his name down to posterity. Such are the eminent characters whose history is here sketched with a commendable fidelity. Mr. Smellie intended at one time to have enlarged this list of Scottish Biography.

The *Essays* at the end of the volume are written with ease, and contain many just sentiments. The Author appears to have been a man of uncommon industry: he rose entirely by his literary exertions; and this posthumous work, published by an affectionate son, reflects an honour on his memory. The Scotch Literati, much to their credit, have made a distinguished figure in the course of the present century.

An Address to young People on the Necessity and Importance of Religion. By John Evans, A. M. Master of a Seminary for a limited Number of Pupils, Pullin's Row, Islington. Symonds, 6d. or 4s. per dozen, to give away.

THIS *practical* address to young people, urges upon them a spirit of seriousness, in a strain to which we hope they will pay due attention. Mr. Evans specifies two kinds of arguments for the necessity and importance of Religion; the one drawn from themselves, the other from their situation and connections.

Under the former class of arguments occur the following remarks:

“Wise is the youth who seeks early that religion which gives him this additional security against the dangers to which he is exposed. She inculcates with peculiar solemnity, the lessons of sobriety, vigilance, and industry. She points to the many shipwrecks which the storms of unhallowed passion have occasioned. She bids you mark, with an eye of horror, the lazar-house, the prison, the executioner, and the scaffold. She exhorts you to flee the haunts of vice as a curse to individuals, as a pest to society, as a disgrace to human nature! *I looked and beheld among the simple ones—I discerned among the youth a young man void of understanding. And behold there met him a woman with the attire of an harlot. He goeth after her straightway as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death!*”

Under the latter class of arguments we meet with these observations.

“Between the earthly and heavenly parent, a wide difference obtains—the one being ever friendly to your welfare, the other often strangely inattentive to your best concerns. Even the most abandoned, however, in their cooler moments, forbid their children to imitate their vices. But you who are blessed with religious parents attend to their wishes respecting you. Can any thing under heaven afford them more

exquisite pleasure than to know that in you *some good thing is found towards the Lord God of Israel?* When they limit you to certain boundaries, it is for the purpose of advancing your real welfare. With your own happiness is *theirs* closely interwoven—with your prosperity is it indissolubly connected. *A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.* Besides, aged parents are retiring from the scene of action, they expect their children to come forward and fill up their places, both in the church and in the world. To see them thus answering their expectations, will smooth the brow of declining years, and soften their dying pillow. This satisfaction will reconcile them to their departure from this world; and each parent thus supremely blessed, will exclaim—*Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!*

“On the other hand, in the wide catalogue of human woes, the disobedience of children is the most poignant and afflictive. For parents to observe their hope respecting their offspring frustrated, their prayers unanswered, their examples disregarded, and their endeavours to reclaim unavailing—such a sight is more agonizing to the aged heart than the lash of scorpions. *With sorrow* are their *grey hairs brought down to the grave.* But KNOW thou, disobedient child! that *cursed is he that setteth light by his father and mother. The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.*”

We close with another paragraph—because it is entitled to peculiar regard from the YOUNG of every description.

“Methinks, in the fondness of our hope concerning you, we hear some of the rising generation saying, ‘Sirs, we feel the weight of the considerations you have suggested, and are ready to serve the God of our fathers!’ We congratulate you on this glorious determination. To encourage you in the pursuit of virtue and piety, we assure you that religion is a *most CHEERFUL SERVICE.* We are apprehensive that young people are frequently deterred from a profession of religion, by the supposition that the exercises of devotion are suited only to the recluse, the aged, and the distressed. A falsel libel the father of lies never uttered. This prejudice has slain

its tens of thousands. Judging from the conduct of persons who are of a melancholy temperament, or who indulge themselves in the flights of enthusiasm, or who betray a fondness for the follies of superstition, you are apt to deem Christianity a narrow, gloomy, contracted system, tending rather to depress than to aid and invigorate the feelings of the human heart. But this must be pronounced an unfair mode of estimation. Suppose the portrait of some extraordinary personage was brought to you, and it became a matter of the highest importance that you should form just ideas of his personal beauty, would you not instantly enquire rather for the original than the portrait, and were you informed that the original was accessible, would you not eagerly embrace the first opportunity of inspecting it? In the same manner form not your idea of religion from the portrait exhibited to you by many of the professors of Christianity. The Son of God is often unintentionally wounded in the house of his friends. Go to the Scriptures—*there* you will obtain an accurate idea of the religion of Jesus. There are you assured, by Christ himself, that his *yoke is easy—that his burden is light!*”

We have indulged in several extracts, because the subject is of extreme importance to the rising generation. Neither parents nor tutors are, in general, sufficiently attentive to this necessary part of education. For the improvement of their mind, and the extension of their fortune every nerve is strained; whilst their *best interests* are neglected or despised. The contents of this pamphlet are however, designed to counteract so enormous an evil, by generating that *rational and cheerful piety* which lays the firmest foundation for our happiness in time, and through eternity. The complexion of the times calls for such publications, and we trust that their perusal will produce those good effects for which they were first drawn up, and are afterwards circulated. Thus the individual is made happy, and an essential benefit is rendered to the community.

The Wreath, composed of Selections from Sappho, Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, accompanied by a Prose Translation, with Notes. To which are added Remarks on Shakespeare, &c. and a Comparison between Horace and Lucian. By Edward Du Bois, 6s. White.

THIS classical performance is deserving of attention from all the lovers of antiquity. Its typographical neatness is unquestionable, and we are not the less inclined to acknowledge the accuracy of its contents. The *Greek language* has long been extolled for its expression and harmony. The pieces are here faithfully translated. It is a pleasant circumstance, that by means of literature we have it in our power to become acquainted with the remotest ages of antiquity. Such are the benefits of learning; we therefore wish well to its progress, and recommend its assiduous cultivation.

The Substance of a Discourse preached at the Meeting-house, Bessel's Green, December 15, 1799; occasioned by the Death of Mr. Jonathan Agate. By Benjamin Marten. Symonds. 6d.

THE decease of young persons forms a striking proof of the precarious tenure on which we hold all our sublunary engagements. This natural idea the preacher has laid hold of with success; for he illustrates it in simple and animated language, and with a considerable degree of felicity. The text is taken from Job, 7th chapter and 9th verse. *As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more!*

connected with those of the New) are the genuine writings of those whose names they bear, and give a true account of the Mosaic dispensation, of the historical facts, the divine commands, the moral precepts, and the prophecies which they contain.

“ V. The character of Christ, as represented in the gospels, affords very strong ground for believing that he was a divine person.

“ VI. The sublimity of his doctrines and the purity of his moral precepts confirm this belief,

“ VII. The rapid and successful propagation of the gospel by the first teachers of it, through a large part of the world, is a proof that they were favoured with divine assistance and support.

“ VIII. A comparison betwixt Christ and Mahomet and their respective religions, leads us to conclude, that as the religion of the latter was confessedly the invention of man, that of the former was derived from God.

“ IX. The predictions delivered by the ancient prophets, and fulfilled in our Saviour, show that he was the Messiah expected by the Jews, and that he came into the world by divine appointment, to be the great deliverer and redeemer of mankind.

“ X. The prophecies delivered by our Saviour himself, prove that he was endued with the foreknowledge of future events, which belongs only to God and to those inspired by him.

“ XI. The miracles performed by our Lord, demonstrate him to have possessed divine power.

“ XII. The resurrection of our Lord from the dead, is a fact fully proved by the clearest evidence, and is the seal and confirmation of his divinity and of the truth of his religion.

“ These are the several points I shall undertake to prove in the following pages : and if these are clearly made out, there can be nothing more wanting to satisfy every reasonable man, that the Christian religion is a true revelation from God.”

Lord Auckland's Triumph, or the Death of Crim. Con. a Pair of prophetic Odes. To which are added, an Address to Hymen, an Ode to the Passions, Advice to Young Women, or the Rose and Strawberry, a Fable, with an interesting Postscript. A new Edition. By Peter Pindar, Esq. West and Hughes, 2s. 6d.

THE witty but profligate muse of Pindar has here laid hold of a popular subject, which has lately engaged the public attention. Several of the lines in these odes are, in his usual manner, strong and impressive, but not particularly worthy of transcription. Lord Auckland and the Bishop of Durham are handled by the rude and unblushing Peter without any kind of ceremony.

We will furnish our readers with one piece at the close of the publication, with which we were much pleased:

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*Advice to Young Women, or the Rose and Strawberry.
A Fable.*

“ YOUNG WOMEN!—don't be fond of killing.
Too well I know your hearts' unwilling
To hide beneath the veil a charm—
Too pleas'd a sparkling eye to roll,
And with a neck to thrill the soul
Of every swain with love's alarm.
Yet, yet if PRUDENCE be not near,
Its snow may melt into a tear.

The dimpled smile and pouting lip,
Where little cupids nectar sip,
Are very pretty lures I own:
But ah! if PRUDENCE be not nigh,
Those lips where all the CUPIDS lie,
May give a passage to a groan.

A ROSE, in all the pride of bloom,
 Flinging around her rich perfume,
 Her form to public notice pushing,
 Amidst the summer's golden glow,
 Peep'd on a STRAWBERRY below,
 Beneath a leaf in secret blushing.

“MISS STRAWBERRY,” exclaim'd the ROSE,
 “What's beauty that no mortal knows?
 “What is a charm if never seen?
 “You really are a pretty creature:
 “Then wherefore hide each blooming feature?
 “Come up and shew your modest mien.”

“MISS ROSE,” the STRAWBERRY replied,
 “I never did possess a pride,
 “That wish'd to *dash* the public eye;
 “Indeed I own I am *afraid*—
 “I think there's safety in the *shade*;
 “AMBITION causes many a sigh.”

“Go, simple child,” the ROSE rejoin'd,
 “See how *I* wanton in the wind:
 “I feel no danger's dread alarms:
 “And then observe the GOD of day,
 “How amorous with his golden ray,
 “To pay his visits to *my* charms!”

No sooner said, but with a scream,
 She started from her favourite theme—
 A clown had on her fix'd his *pat*;
 In vain she screech'd—HOB did but smile,
 Rubb'd with her leaves his nose awhile,
 Then bluntly stuck her in his hat!!!”

We have often remarked that Peter excels in these little pieces, and we therefore wish that he would confine himself to them. A volume of this kind, chaste in its nature and moral in its tendency, would be a valuable acquisition for the younger class of readers. The genius of our author seems admirably fitted for such

flights, which by their sudden turns surprise and delight the imagination. Let Peter then henceforth lay aside his arch waggery against kings, bishops, and statesmen, employing his talents in a manner that may prove more useful to his country.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Neither the *Sketches of Man*, nor the *Hermit*, by C. are sufficiently correct in their style for insertion. We are sorry to reject pieces of so good a tendency, but we know that our readers would be displeas'd with their inaccuracy. The biographies promised by *Carruth*, and which he abridges from Plutarch, will be an acceptable present to our Miscellany. We are grateful for them, and they shall receive an early and regular insertion.

Lines by *Eliza*, and other poetical Correspondents, shall meet with proper attention. *Effects of Jealousy*, as well as the *Parson and Doctor*, cannot be inserted.

Anna Maria's piece shall appear in our next number, and every attention shall be paid to the accuracy of its insertion. *Civis's* favours are received, and shall be admitted. We thank him for his unremitting endeavours to enrich the pages of our Miscellany.

The *Sylvan Fete*, though pleasingly drawn up, does not suit the nature of our work.

By way of specimen we shall select a paragraph, which must impress every thoughtful mind :

“ The GRAVE, in scripture, is emphatically said to be *the house appointed for all living*. This declaration affords us serious ground of consideration. Yes, sirs; we must one day be consigned to those gloomy mansions over which the King of Terrors holds his long and silent dominion. A shroud must be our garment, a coffin our habitation, and this healthful air, with which we are now surrounded, must be exchanged for the region of dust and putrefaction !

“ Here we must remain until HE who hath power over death shall come, and with a voice louder than ten thousand thunders, pierce those silent caverns, burst the iron bars, and call the prisoners forth ! *Life and immortality are, indeed, brought to light by the gospel*. Thence we learn, that although we die, the period shall arrive when we shall shake off the dishonours of the tomb, and be made the subjects of an immortal existence ! *For this mortal shall put on immortality, and this corruption shall put on incorruption—then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written—Death is swallowed up in victory !*”

Such are the glorious triumphs which the professors of christianity are encouraged to indulge respecting futurity. By the magic touch of revelation, like the spear of Ithariel, the thick darkness of the tomb is converted into the full blaze of eternal day ! Surely no wise man will hastily give up such views for the cheerless tenets and heart withering prospects of infidelity.

A Summary of the Principal Evidences for the Truth and Divine Origin of the Christian Revelation, designed chiefly for the Use of Young Persons, more particularly of those who have lately been confirmed in the Diocese of London. By Beilby Lord Bishop of London. Second Edition. Rivington. 2s. 6d.

IN these times of infidelity, the professed ministers of religion are expected to come forward in its defence and recommendation. Many valuable tracts of this kind have been already laid before the public, but the piece before us possesses an uncommon degree of neatness and perspicuity. Much is here brought into a small compass, and it is well entitled to the attention of the rising generation.

Take the plan of the work in the pious prelate's own words:

“ The method I intend to pursue in this treatise, is to present to my young readers the following series of propositions, and then to prove distinctly the truth of each.

“ I. From considering the state of the heathen world, before the appearance of our Lord upon earth, it is evident that there was an absolute necessity for a revelation of God's will, and, of course, a great probability before hand that such a revelation would be granted.

“ II. At the very time when there was a general expectation in the world of some extraordinary personage making his appearance in it, a person called Jesus Christ did actually appear upon earth, asserting that he was the son of God, and that he was sent from heaven to teach mankind true religion; and he did accordingly found a religion, which from him was called the Christian religion, and which has been professed by great numbers of people from that time to the present.

“ III. The books of the New Testament were written by those persons to whom they are ascribed, and contain a faithful history of Christ and his religion: and the account there given of both, may be securely relied on as strictly true.

“ IV. The scriptures of the Old Testament (which are